MENRY PETERSON, | Beross AND PROS

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

ME SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM .- Por the SEWING

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med in the letter) and one or alerse cent postage good in the letter) and one or shoes cent p samps, are always acceptable. For all an year 55 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern

DEACON & PETERSGN, Publisher No. 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

#### THE TEMPEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY BYRNING POST.

The wind blows cold and chill, Clouds drift across the sky, My heart lies husbed and still, And night is drawing nigh.

Look not forth from the ark, Till the waves be withdrawn; The wind is rising-bark! The storm is coming on!

Rage higher yet, oh wave! Beat round our doors, oh wind! Till in the silent grave Our souls a refuge find !

Listen! An angel voice Proclaims the dawn of day. These weary heart, addition, The storm has passed away.

The long and dreary night Of suffering is o'er; Dost see the rosy light, Beaming from youder shore?

No tempest now we fear; From yonder glorious sky Does hope's sweet star appear, And vent is drawing nigh.

# SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANKINGS," BTC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LIL

SURPRICE FOR GROEGE BYLE.

On the hard flock bed in the lean-to back stood there bending over him, he could have touched any part of the walls around; he would have bumped against the ceiling, had he raised his head upright. The explana tion of Jim Sanders that it was Ann Canham who brought the note, guided George naturally to the todge; otherwise he would not have known where to look for him.

One single question to old Canham as he entered-" Is he here ?"-and George bounded up the stairs.

Ann Canham, who was standing over the bed—her head just escaped the ceiling— turned to George. Trouble and pain were on her countenance as she spoke to him.

"He is in the delirium now, sir. I was

sfeard he would be." George Ryle could make no reply for ent. Never had he cast a shade of suspicion to Rupert's being concealed at

"Has he been here long?" he whispered. "All along, sir; since the night he was missed," was the reply of Ann Canham. "After I had got home that night, a quarter of an hour it might be, and I was talling father about Master Rupert's having took the half loaf in his hunger, and what he said, he come knocking at the door to be let in. Chattaway and him had met and quarrelied, he told me, and he was knocked down, and his shoulder was hurt, and he



THE CANTUCIL ROUSE, MEMBEUARTERS OF CENERAL WILLHOUSE ON FOLLY ISLAND, CHARLESTON MARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THOU SETTING WHOM A SECTOR IN "FRANK LESDID."

ful deal of pressing, sir, f. got him to come up-to this here bed, and I lay on the settle down stairs for the night. After daylight I was up, and had get the fire alight, and the statle on, to make him-s oup o'tes afore-he started, but he did not come down. I come up here and found him ill; his shoulder was still and painful, and he was beyind and sere all over, and he thought he couldn't get out o' bed. Well, sir, he stopped, and he have been here over since gotting worse, and majust frightened out of my life, for four he should be found by life. Chatteway or them police, and took off to prison. I was sick for the whole day after, sir, that time that Mr. Bowen called me into his station-

house, and set on to question me."

George was eccepted, looking at Ruport.

There could not be a doubt that he was in state of semi-delizium; George foared there ald not be a doubt that he was in a state of danger. The bed was low and narrow, evidently hard, the flock of the mattress col lected into lumps; the bolster small, and almost as low as the bed. Ropert's head lay on it quietly enough; his hair, which had grown very long since his confinement; fell second him in a wavy mass; his checks were the hectic crimson of fever, his blue eyes were unnaturally bright. There was no speculation in those eyes. They were partially closed, and though the entrance of George caused them to be turned to him, there was nothing of recognition in their light. His arms were flung outside the bed, the wristbands pushed up as if from

"I have put him-on a shirt o' father's, si: when his have wanted washing," exclaimed Asn Canham, to whom it was natural to relate minute details. "Things needs to be shifted oftener when one's a-bed nor when

"How long has be been like this-

out consciousness?" inquired George.
"Just about for the last hour, sir. He with that letter that I brought to you, and when I come back he was like this. Maybe he'll come to himself again presently: he have been as bad as this at times in the last day or two. I'm so afeard of its going on to brain fever. If he should get into state of raving, we could never keep his being here a secret; he'd be heard out-

"He ought to have had a doctor to him before this."

"But how is one to be got here?" debated Ann Canham. "Once a doctor knew where Mr. Rupert was, he might be for betraying it—there's the reward, you know, sir. And how could we get a doctor in without its being known at the Hold? What mightn't Chattaway suspect?" George remained silent, revolving what

she said. There were difficulties undoubtedly in the way.

"Nobody knows the trouble I've been in sir, especially since he got worse. At first, he just lie here quiet, more as if he was glad of the rest, and my chief care was to keep folks as far as I could out o' the lodge, bathe his shoulder, and bring him up a share of our poor meals. But since he got worse, and the fever came upon him, I've been felt tired and sick; and he said he'd stop half dazed, wondering what I ought to do. with us till the murning, and be away afore daylight, so that we should not get into speak to—you, sir, and madam. But Mr. irouble for sheltering of him. With a dread-

dead again it; they were afraid, you see, that if only one was told, it might come to be known that he was here. Father, he's old now, and a'most helpless; he couldn't do a stroke toward getting his own living. If I be out afore daylight at any of my places of work, it's as much as he can do to open the gate and faster it back; and he knows that Mr. Chattaway would been so be known that we had sheltered Mr. Expert, But yesterday Mr. Expert, But dead? There was the question, because under the preday if he was not better. We did think him a trifle better this morning, but later the fever came on worse, and Mr. Rupert.

In him to tour poor fare? milk porridge, and stimen you go to one o' them, gentlement you go to one o' them, see the matter with Master Rupert thement you go to one o' t the fever came on worse, and Mr. Rupert lowing that he, the man of medicine, proved himself add he'd write a word to you, and I found a bit o' paper, and brought him the big Bible and held it store him in bed stir at the Hold. Miss Dians would come that he might lean the letter on while he writes it."

fore, was looking at Rupert; it seemed to Ass Canham that he could not gase enough, but in truth he was buried in thought; fairly puzzled with the difficulties that encompass ed therease.

"Is it anything more than low fever?" be asked.

"I don't think it is, sir, yet. But it may go on to more, you know."

George did know. He know that ameleance was necessary in more ways than one, if that worse contingency was to be avoided. Medical attendance, a more sky room, generous nourishment; and how was it to be accomplished, even one of them, let alone all. The close closet—it could scarecly be called more-had no chimney in it; the air and pane ingeniously made to raise at will in the roof. The narrow bed and one chair took up nearly all the space, leaving but little for George and Ann Canham as they stood. George, coming in from the fresh air, felt half stifled, sisk with the closeness of the room; and this must be most persicious for the invalid. It is a merciful shoon that these inconveniences are so soothed to those who have to endure them-as most inconveniences and trials of life art. To an outsider they look formidable, unbearable; but to the actual sufferers they are but light Geore Ryle felt as if a day in that atmos-phere of nauses would half kill him; but Rupert, lying in it always, was sensible of no inconvenience from it. It was not, how-ever, the less injurious to him; and it appeared that there was no semedy; there could be no removal from it.

"What have you given him ?" inquised George.

"I made him some herb tea, sir, but it a bottle o' physic. I had to say it was for call in a doctor when I described the illness. Coming out of the shop there was Miss Diana's pony carriage at the door, and madam met me and asked me who the physic was for; I never was so took to. And the physic didn't seem to do him good

"I meant as to food," returned George. "Ah, sir, as to food-what could I give No; it must be King."

might be dangerous to call a doctor in. Al-lowing that he, the man of medicine, proved down, questioning old Canham of his all-ments; and she would inevitably find that he was set ill enough to require the services of a doctor. A dector might venture there once: but regularly? George did not see

the way by any means clear.

But Report must not be left there to die. George took up his delicate hand—and Ru-pert's hands had always been delicate—and held it as he spoke to him. It was hot; fevered : the dry lips were fevered ; the hectic cheeks, the white brow, all were burning with fever. Don't you know me, Rupert ?" he bent lower to ask.

The words were so far heard that Ruport moved his head from side to side on the bolster; perhaps the familiar name "Rupert" may have penetrated to some chord of me-mory; but there was no real recognition, and he began to twitch at the bed-clothes with one of his hands.

George turned away. He went down the stood in his tottering fashion, leaning upon his crutch, watching the descent.

"What do you think of kim, Mr. George?" "I hardly know what to think, Mark. Or, ather, I know what to think, but I don't know what to do. It seems to me that a doctor must be got here; and without loss of time."

Old Canham-who had sat down, for he was incapable of standing leng-lifted his hands with a gesture of deprecating de-

"Once the secret is give over to a doc-

tor, sir, there's no telling where it 'll travel

to, or what 'll be the consequence to us all." "I think King would be true," said George. "Nay, I feel sure he would be true. The worst is, he's a simple-minded man, and might betray it through sheer inadvertency. I would a great deal rather bring Mr. Benage to him; I know we might didn't seem to do him good, and then I west bring Mr. Benage to him; I know we might over to Barmester to the druggist's and got rely on Benage, and he is a more skillful man than King; but it is not practicable.father, and the druggist told me I ought to To see one of the renowned Barmester surgeons enter the lodge for attendance on you —for that's what it must be put upon, whoever comes—might create a greater commo-tion at the Hold than would be desirable; they would be for asking what malady Mark was attacked with, to render necessary so out-of-the-way a proceeding; would come flocking, one and all, with their question.

THE SATURDA

to Rupert—and I believe he is in danger—you and I should alike hisme ourselves for not having called in advice to him at all risks. I shall get King here somehow."

He went out as he speks, partly perhaps to avoid further opposition to what he felt must be done. Yet he did not see the besetting difficulties the less, and he halted in thought outside the lodge door.

At that moment, there came in view Mande Trevier. She was alone walking.

Mande Trevlyn. She was alone, walking slowly down the avenue. George advanced to meet her; he could not help noticing her

heavy etep, her pale, weary face.

"Maude, what are you grieving at?"

That she had been grieving, and recently,

her eyes betrayed, and the words renewed it. Struggling for a brief moment, and unsuccessfully, with her feelings, she gave way with a burst, and sobbed herself nearly into

George was startled. He drew her on the side by the trees.

" Maude, Maude, you will be fil. What is this ?"

"Oh, this suspense!—this agony!" she breathed. " Every day, almost every hour, something or other occurs to renew vividiy the trouble. If it could but end! George, I cannot bear it much longer. I feel as if must go off to the end of the world and search for him. If I were but sure he was King to make up a bottle of physic. in life it would be something."

would be a charity, nay, a duty to tell her! nearly upright ladder of a staircase, feeling. He drew her hand in his, he bent his face—that little time was to be lost. Old Canham almost as hectic with excitement as the unalmost as hectic with excitement as the unhappy Rupert's, hard by, was with feverpear to hers.

"Maude! what will you give me for the news that I have heard? I can impart to you sidings of Rupert. He is not dead. He is not very far away."

For an instant her heart stood still. But George glanced round as with fear, and there was a sadness in his tone.

"He is taken !" she exclaimed, her pulses ounding on.

"No. But care must be observed if we would prevent it. He is, in that sense, at liberty, and very near to us. But it is not all sunshine, Maude; he is exceedingly ill." Where is he ?" she gasped.

"Will you compose yourself if I take you to him? But we have need of great caution; we must make sure that no prying eyes are spying at us."

Her very agitation proved how great had been the strain upon her nervous system; for a few minutes he thought she would faint, there, leaning against the trees as she stood. "Oaly take me to him, George," she murmured. "I will bless you forever."

Into the lodge, and up old Canham's narrow and perpendicular staircase he led her. She stepped into the room timidly, not with the eager bound of hope fulfilled, but with slow and hesitating feet, almost as the had once stepped into the presence of the dead, that long ago night at Trevlyn Farm.

CHAPTER LIIL

was particularly narrow and makes washed to enter, you could althou a knocker, which would must limb forth Mr. King himself in answer; could turn the handle of the door and of your own accord, ignoring common present was not much in fashion.

remote locality.

As George Ryle did, and admitted himself into the strip of a passage. On the left was the parior, quite a fashiomable roses, with a tiger-skin stretched out by way of hearthrug; on the left was a small spariment fitted up with bottles and pill-bouss, where Mr. King sew his patients. One sat there as George Ryle entered, and the surpece israed round, pouring some liquid, from what looked like a jelly-glass with a spout, into a half pint green glass bottle.

Now, of all the disagreeable contrained that greatest George fait to be shout the worst. Ann Canham had not been more confounded at the sight of Policeman Dumps's head over the hedge, than George was at Policeman Dumps himself—for it was no other than that troublescene officer who sat in the patients' chair, the late afternoon's sun streaming on his head. George's active mind hit on a ready excuse for his own mind hit on a ready excuse for his own

visit.
"Is my mother's medicine ready, Mr. King !"

"The medicine ready! Why, I sent it

three good hours ago!"
"Did you? I understood them to say— But there's no harm done; I was coming down this way. What a nice warm after-noon it is!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on a chair as if he would take a little rest. "Have you been having a tooth drawn,

" No, sir, but I've got the face-ache awful," was the policeman's reply, who was holding a handkerchief to his right cheek. "It's what they call tic-doloreux, I fancy, for it comes on by fits and starts. I be out of sorts altogether, and I thought I'd ask Dr.

So the physic was for Dumps. Mr. King George took rapid counsel with himself.
Surely Maude would be safe; surely it liquid, measuring that, shaking it all up fogether, and gossiping the while. George, in his impatience thought it was never co to an end. Dumps seemed to be in no hurry to go, Mr. King in no hurry to dismiss him. They talked over half the news of the parish. They spoke of Rupert Trevlyn and his prolonged absence, and Mr. Dumps gave it as his opinion that " if he warn't hiding somewhere, he were gone for good." Whe-ther Mr. Dumps meant gone into some foreign terrestrial country, or a celestial, he did not particularize. But George liked not the tone given to the words "in hiding;" he fancied it too significant a one.

Utterly out of patience, he rose and left the room, standing outside aganist the door-post, as if he would watch the passer-by. Perhaps the movement imparted an im rernaps the movement imparted an impetus to Mr. Dumps, for he also rose and took his bottle of medicine from the hands of the surgeon. But he lingered yet; and George

thought he never was coming forth.

That desirable consummation did arrive at last. The policeman departed, and paced away on his beat with his official tread. George returned in-doors."

"I fancied you were waiting to see me observed Mr. King. "Is anything the mat ter?"

"Not with me. I want to put you upon your henor, doctor," continued George, a momentary smile crossing his lips. And it may as well be remarked, for the benefit of hypercritics, that the salutation "doctor" was universally used in Barbrook to Mr. King, as it is in many rural districts to ge

r. Eing required George attentively, for rubbing his hald head; he was a of six and sixty now, "Are you speak-he school, "of Raport Treviya !" surge passed, perhaps retier taken to; the surgeon's face was a kindly one; its

What If I were? Would you be true to

in secret, and wanting my sid as a r, I'd give it and be silent. I go as a g man; I don't go as a policeman.— a doctor, taken to a petient under brousstances, to betray trust, I should och throughlances, to seem m that I all a priest who could divulge the last of the dying."

serge. "It is Report Treviyn. He took fage that night at old Canham's, it seems, refige that night at old Cannam's, it beens, and has been getting ill ever since, grow-ing worse and worse. But they fear langue now, and thought fit this afternoon to send for me. Rupert scrawled a few times himself, but before I could get there he was delirious. "Is it fever?"

Low fever, Ann Canham mys. It may

on to worse, you know, doctor." Mr. King nodded his head.

"Where can they have conce mham's? There's no place." "He's up stairs in a bed-closet. The m

ifting hole! I felt ill while I stayed. It a perplexing, bad affair, altogether," conagh to kill any one in a fever, and there's no chance of removing him out of it.— There's hardly a chance of getting you in to see him; it must be accou most cautious manner. Were Chattaway to see you going in, who knows what it might lead to? If he should, by ill luck see you," added George, after a pause, "your visit is

old Canham, remember." Mr. King gave his head its short, empha-

Report Trevlyn at Canham's !" he "Haper Trevijn as Canham's ne ex-laimed. "Well, you have surprised me!"
"I cannot tell you how I was surprised,"
starned George. "But we had better be oing; I fear he is in danger."
"Ay. Delirious, you say?"
"I think so. He was quiet, but he evi-

dently cld not know me. He did not know Mande; I met her as I was leaving the lodge, and thought it only kind to tell her

f the discovery. It has been a most anx ous time for her." There's another that it's an anxious time

for; and that's Madam Chattaway," reed the surgeon. "I was called in to her a few days ago. But I can do nothing for her: the malady is on the mind. Now I

his pocket, probably containing some cool-ing powder, or other remedy for Rupert. in with him if it could be managed; he was very anxious to hear his opinion of Rupert. They pursued their way unmolested, meet-ing nobody of more consequence than Mr. Dumps, who appeared to be occupied nurs-ing his cheek.

"So far so good," cried George, as they me is sight of the lodge. "But now comes the tug of war; my walking with you, if seen, is nothing; but to be seen entering the

odge with you might be a great deal. There seems nobody about."

Ah! unlucky chance! By some untoward fatality the master of Trevlyn Hold energed in sight, coming quickly down the evenue, at the moment that Mr. King had avenue, at the moment that Mr. King had his fast on the lodge steps to enter. George suppressed a groun of irritation.

w's no help for it, doctor; you must here your wite about you," he whispered.
"I shall go straight on as if I had come to

whit to the Hold." Eing was not, perhaps, all men to "here his wite about him" on a maken emergency; and almost as the last breathest word left George's lips, Mr. Chat-

Mr. Chattaway. Is Oris

bruking past Mr. Chestaway with-toping. For how what a very d is self-connected means and the presence of the self-connected and the self-connected means and

alled out Mr. Chattaway to George.

the lodge step, waiting to greet Mr.
attaway. It would never do for him to
he believe he was not going into the
igs, as George did, because Mr. Chattaay had seen him step up to it.
"How d'ye do, Mr. Chattaway? Fin

the glass is shifting. Anybedy ill here?"
"Not they, I hope?" reurned Mr. King,
with a laugh. "I give old Cambon a look
in now and then, when I am passing and
can spare the time, just for a dish of goesip and to ask after his rheumsten. I suppose you thought I had quite furgetten you," he added, turning to the old man, who had risen now and stood leaning on his crutch, looking, if Mr. Chattaway sould but have understood it, half frightened to death.

He set down on the settle as he spoke, as to indimate that he intended to take the ish of goosp then. Mr. Chatterray—good sevens, can be suspect? thought old Mark—sentered the lodge; a thing he did not do once in a year. Conscience does make grievous cowards of us—and it is not obliged to be guilty conscience to do this—and it was rendering Ann Canham as one paralysed. She would have given the who world to leave the room and go up to Ru pert, and guard, so far as her presence might guard, against any noise he might make; but se feared the construction that might be put upon it, the suspicion it might excite. Absurd fears! foolishly self-suggestive. Had Rupert not been there, Ann Canham would have passed in and out of the room unre strainedly, without fearing its conveying

suspicion to Mr. Chattaway. "Madam Chattaway said you were ill, I remember," mid he to Mark Canham. "Fever, I understood. She said something about ceing your fever mixture at the chemist's at

Ann Canham turned bot and cold. Sh did not dare to even glance at her father, still less could she prompt him; but it s happened that she, willing to spare him essary worry, had not mentioned the little episode of meeting Mrs. Chattaway at Barmester. Old Mark was cautious, how

"Yes, squire. I've had a deal o' feve ately, on and off. Perhaps Doctor King could give me some'at for't, better nor then druggists gives."

"Perhaps I can," said Mr. King. " I'll have a talk with you presently. How is nadam to day, Mr. Chattaway ?"

" She's as well as usual, except for grum! ling," was the ungracious answer; and the master of Trevlyn Hold, perhaps not finding it particularly lively there, went out as he delivered it, giving a short adjeu to Mr.

Meanwhile George Ryle reached the Hold. Maude saw his approach from the drawingroom window, and came herself to the hall oor and opened it.

"I wish to speak with you," she softly

rhispered. He followed her into the room; there was no one in it. Maude closed the door, and spoke in a gentle whisper.

"May I dare to tell Aunt Edith?" George looked dubious That is a serious question, Maude."

"It would raise her, as may be said, to renewed life," returned Maude, her tone one of impassioned earnestness. "George, under it. It was very, very bad for me to bear, and I am young and strong; and I fear my-aunt gets the dreadful doubt upon her now and then whether-whether-that

whether Rupert was not killed that night, Ob, George, let me tell her!" "Maude, I should be as pleased for her to know it as you, My only doubt is, whether she would dare to keep the secret from her husband. Rupert being actually within the

to not true that was said of Mr. Chattaway:

cincts of the Hold." "She can be stronger in Rupert's ea than you deem. I am sure that she will be

safe as you—as L" "Then let us tell her, Maude."

Mande's eyes grew bright with satisfac-tion. Taking all circumstances into view, there was not much cause for congratulation; but compared with what had been, i ed as joy to Mande, and her heart was light. The young are ever sanguine; tilon wears not a dangerous aspect to them, and this of Rupert's brought to her little

"I shall never repay you, George," she cried, with enthusiasm, lifting her eyes gratefully to his; "I shall never repay you or allowing me to tell fly poor Aust

"I can repay myself now, Manda."

And Mrs. Chattaway was told. In the dusk of that same evening

her bosom, her very bresth coming in gasps, she waited in her dark hiding-place until he had gone past. She waited until she be-lieved he was in safety in the Hold; and then the went on.

The shutters were closed at the lodge, and Mrs. Chattaway knocked softly at them Alas! alas! I tell you there was certs the very act of doing so she was surpr

you in that guise? Why what on earth are

"You haved startled me, Oris. I did not know you; I thought it some strange

running in upon me."

"What are you doing down here?"

Ah! what was she doing? What was she to say!—what excuse to make? She choked down her throbbing breath, and strove to speak with calm plausibility.

"Poor old Canham has been so po-

Cris. I must just step in to see him."

Oris tossed his head in scorn. To mak friendly visits to sick old men was not in his

"I'm sure I should not trouble mysel about that old Canham if I were you, mo ther," cried be.

"But I should like to, Cris. I must, as am here." And Cris, without further remonstrance, walked on. He had not taken many steps, however, when he found his other's gentle arm laid on his.

" Oris, dear, oblige me by not saying anything of this at home. Your pape has preudices, you know; he thinks as you do; and perhaps he would be angry with me for soming. But I like to visit those who are ill, to say a kind word to them; perhaps beause I am so often ill myself."

"I shan't bother myself to say anything bout it," was Oris's gracious respon "I'm sure you are welcome to go, mother if it affords you any pleasure. Ugh! fine fun it must be to sit with that rheumatic old Canham! But as to his being ill, he is not -if you mean worse than usual; I have een him about to-day."

Cris finally went off, and Mrs. Chattaway returned to the door, which was gingerly opened, about an inch, by Ann Canham. "Let me in! Let me in!"

She did not wait, she pushed her way in nd Ann Canham, all in a tremor, shut and solted the door. Ann Canham's taction vere uncertain; she was not aware whether r not it was known to Mrs. Chattaway That lady's first words enlightened her, poken as they were in the lowest whisper. "Is he better to-night? What does Mr.

King say ?" Ann Canbam lifted her hands in an acess of trouble.

And Mr. King said it would be necessary that he should visit him once or twice day; and how can he dare venture? It pass ed off very well his saying this afterno that he just called in in passing to see old father; but he couldn't make that excuse to Mr. Chattaway a second time "

"To Mr. Chattaway?" she quickly repeated. "Did Mr. Chattaway see Mr. King bere!

came in with him." A fear that almost seemed an ominous or

arose to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway. "If we could but get him from bere safe distance !" she exclaimed. "There would

be less danger then." "It can't be," returned Ann Canham He's too ill to be moved now, madam; and if he were not, he could never be got away without its being known. I fear me he is

very ill," she added after a pause, "Dr. King said he must see him again to-night Do you please to want to go up, madam?" It was a superfluous question. Mrs. Chattaway was moving to the stairs, after exchanging a few words with old Mark, when a gentle knocking was heard at the outer door. Terrified at the consequences should she be seen there, Mrs. Chattaway knew no

"It's only Dr. King. He said he should be back at dusk. "When you knocked but

where to hide herself, Aun Canham hastes

now, madam, I thought it was him." She had drawn open the door as she spoke, and Mrs. Chattaway contrived to re-cognize Mr. King in the obscure lights Fear-ful of attracting undue attention to the lodge, Ann Canham was observing unusual pretions against it, and for several ever had lighted no candle, but made shift with what light the fire gave.

"Oh, Mr. King, how thankful I am to you for your kindness?" exclaimed Mrs. Che way, taking his hand. "Is he in danger?"

The cas he co lying where he does; to obtain the ther may be almost as difficult. If these

To what I" she rejoined, a terrible dr you her that he meant to sey " to death,"
"To typhus," quietly remarked the sur

"Yes," said Mr. King; and it str

that his tone was a significant one.
"But you must prevent it, doctor-must prevent it, and save him," she of

eath were not in his power.
"My dear lady, I will do

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURBAY, ASSURT 22, 1865

not undertake to return rejected commu

JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to prise looks, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues anner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stoppins he papers of all Club subscribers to Turn Powr at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar suberfbers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years. We would beg these latter, however, to

emember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should orward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in exess of the advance in prices we have aire

We trust therefore that all our sub who are in arrears will forward their subcriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall steem it as a favor.

How to BREAK YOUR NEIGHBOR'S LEG -If you want to injure some one, est a If there is a crowd passing so much the better; you cannot fail to trip up somet Do the same with an apple-paring or as orange-peel. If a poor man, who works ten hours a day to support a family of six children, step on it, he will most likely. sprain his ankle, if he do no more, and be confined to the house for a month, thereby losing his wages for that tme. Peach skins are also efficient weapons against the public safety. If you throw the refuse of your fruit into the gutter that would be an nfraction of your privileges as an American citizen; a deprivation not to be borne calmly. It evinces a much greater degre of independence to see a man eat fruit, and throw the stones or skins just where some unfortunate person, perhaps a member of his own family, will tread upon the tree-

sherous thing, and be maimed for life.

Such recklessness is but little short of riminalty; and although the press has from ime to time inveighed against the practice, It-is yet committed far too often. We are now in the season of fruit of all kinds, and let every man take these words as address to himself. He will not then be the unit tentional cause of suffering to some inne cent person,-Scientific American.

WOUNDED.-There lately appear smong the inebriates at the court in Brooklyn, N. Y., a soldier named John Hoffman who had nine bullet wounds five bowle knife stabe, and three sabre cuts, all received in the present war. He was with the 13th New York volunteers, and claims to be as

Beventeen private soldiers of the French army in Bonaparte's time raised themselves by their bravery and talent to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals; and two, generals.

MEN MONKEYS OF MALACCA: Their Mode of Life, Murriage, Custon

Melecon. Their language and features are unlike those of the Malays proper, of whom early Portuguese voyagess in the country is which they still reside. They are called the ferests;" the Orang-Semang, or "black men;" the Jakoons and the Kaints. Oran is the Maley word for man; and Utan or Hu ns, Ourang-Outang, or wild men, if men they may be called, when common pinion has singraed them a rank hardly here manhage and baheous.

They generally live in houses built of anhoe sticks, and suspended to the tops of

trees, to which they second by rude hove the ground. The first story serves for lodging where they eat and sleep, by the side of a fire always kept brightly burning in order to frighten away the tigers and other wild beasts which fill the forests. In the accord story they put their arms for safety, their provisions and kitchen utensils, all of which are comprised in pikes, in They eat whatever comes to hand, as wild

ours, apes, or birds, which last are taken in nares or shot by arrows, and the roots and ance. If they plant rice, it is only exough meet their absolute wants. Instead regular labor, they prefer the fatiguing adventures of the chase, and running among the woods. Their cuisins is of the lowest order, their favorite dish being slices of neat half cooked, and still reeking with blood

Their weddings are preceded by a most singular and ludicrous ceremony. An old man presents the future husband and wife to a large assemblage of invited guests, whom he conducts, followed by their rewhich the young lady, the bride, sets-out running upon all fours, and the young man who is the bridegroom in the same style fer her. If he succeeds in overtaking her dessing the young lady, who endeavors odious husband by beating him in this queen trotting match.

Upon the death of one of their number they wrap his body in a white winding sheet, and then deposit it in a grave dug near his hut, sometimes in an erect position, down. They are careful to put a lance at their instruments of hunting and of war These weapons placed by the side of the corps indicate a shadowy belief in a future

grossest superstitions, propagated by the poyons, a kind of priests, who are half phy-sicians and half jugglers. Their magical ecience is in great esteem with the Malays The singular kind of life they lead, the pe culiarity of their custom, and the long intervals of their appearance among the peo ple, secure for them a certain prestige and respect. Seen from afar, and through a mys terious veil, they pass for beings endowed with superhuman power, to whom the ed their most secret virtues. In a word they are believed to hold in their hands th power of conferring health or inflicting death. In accordance with this belief, the Malays are careful not to provoke their ill-

Naturally, the Jakoons are of an open and ingenuous disposition, and withal inclined to gayety. To the appearance of timidity they join the independence of a life without control, spent in the midst of thick forests and everlasting verdure. Respectful. without being servile, in conversation they use an abrupt and violent tone of voice, which strongly contrasts with their habitual centieness and moniesty. The, have strong mors, and get intoxicated whenever they have an opportunity.

It is honorable to the zeal of the Catholi priests that they have a missionary, who not withstanding the low rank of these per ple in the scale of humanity, the wide territory over which they are scattered, and the thick forests which it is necessary to pene trate to reach them, and the absence of all roads, while ferocious will beasts are thick st every step, is laboring among them, and makes his bome with them.

Such are the people in whom originated the idea and the stories about the Ourang Outang-" the man of the forests."-Amer can Phrenological Journal.

The list of names of rebel prisoner paroled at Vicksburg filled a box about three

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY

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ental and personal fahric under pressure. At last the servant le make those visits to the room, w occurring about ten o'clock, from the other side of the room calls ou Sammy, love!" All is out. He has wife who does not know better, and he has never taught her better. This is the search The akeleton in their cupboard is a ci sattle. A man may as well suck his a all his life, as talk, or allow to be to him, such drivelling nonsense.: It is truct from manliness of character, as proper self-respect: and is totally ince tent with the good tasts, and considerate even in the least things, for the feeling others, which are always present in person good breeding and Christian courtes Never let the world look through the chinks into the boudoir. Even chinks into the boudoir. Even thence, if there be real good sense present, all that is out at all events keep it from the world. I prothers and sisters, to talk to one and sone else could talk, without a word of the ninced-up English. One soft tone from h on which dwells wiedom, is worth all loveys" and "deareys" which become the unmeaning expletives of the vulgar. And, as we have ventured to intrade his

the boudoir, let us go one step further s and peep into the nursery also. And he again I would say, never talk, never die to be talked, to children, the contempt onsense which is so often the staple sursery conversation. Never allow and unmeaning nicknames to some into u in your family. We all feel, as we read of poor James L, with his "Steenie" for the Duke of Buckingham, and "Baby Charles for his unfortunate son, that he cannot he been worthy to rule in England. We can find foolish names like these rooted in the practice of a family, and rendering green up men and women ridiculous in the en have no wish to proscribe all abridged or familiar forms of names, for our calling but only those which are unmeaning abourd. I hold "Charley" to be perfect legitimate: "Harry" is bound up with the glories of English history: Ned, and Disk, and Tom, and Jack, and Jem, and though none of them half so nice at names which they have superceded, are to firmly fixed in English practice and lish play, ever to be banished. Kate has most become a name of itself; few maides can carry the weight of Bleanor, where become. The same might be said of Mily and Amelia, and of many others. But the case of every one of such recognized sickinfantine lisping of a child's own adopted as the designation for life : or wil great rifleman with a bushy beard we ed to hold his mamma's skein of wool by

the astounding title of "Baby." All perhaps do not know the story of the kind old gentleman and his carriegs. was riding at his case one very hot day, when he saw a tired nurse-maid tol the footpath carrying a great heavy bey— His heart softened: he stopped his carrier, and offered her a seat: adding, however,

"Mind," said he, "the moment you begin to talk any nonsense to that boy, you less

my carriage. All went well for some mi good woman was watchful, and bit her lip. But alse I we are all caught tripping stimes. After a few hundred yards, sail little jogging of the boy on her knee,

"Georgy porgy! ride in coachy poschy It was fatal. The check-string was paded, the steps let down, and the nurse and bey consigned to the dusty footpath as is

This story is true. The person tonoerned in it was a well known phile thropic baronet of the last gen my informant was person

EF A FACT FOR RIOTERS.—The Cop ! Liberty is not a mob cap. Who

adoptio cask or empty pickles to the 8 Weg To 2 pound

ounce o meg, a of allap and -1 good M Wea trose, fo Apple apples s while, taste. turning thirst.

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We have received from an Associate Ma-

We have received from an Associate Manager a letter so full of interest, that we cannot refrain from making a few quotations. To the untiring seal of some of our Associate Managers we are largely indebted.

"I ought to write you a Report, but surely know how to find five minutes. I can certainly tell you that for the past four weaks there has been no lack of interest in the cause of the Union, or her sisk and suffering soldiers. At the call of the Government and the voice of Providence, we sent set between 200 and 200 volunteers. We women popared their cuitit. Flaunci shirts, sicks and havemachs were provided for every man. Closed stores, business everywhere suspended, jold of the public interest in State defined. Though our box, ready to send, was thus emptied for home use, we not frequently, making hospital shirts, dc. We have sent four boxes the past formight—two of hospital delicacies and two of clothing. Besides these, a private box to Gettysburg, where Mrs. Harris is staying. What we can do is all tool little for the brave men who have stood between us and our destruction. who have stood between us and our destruc-tion. I believe that we all feel that it is the highest privilege to minister to them: and for my part, it is with the greatest difficulty I can feel any interest in other work; and we are learning how much less we can get Our friends here have suffered greatly in

"Our friends here have suffered greatly in the Gettysburg battle. Among our losses there was one brave boy, who was 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow.' He was every inch a soldier and every inch a Christian. When first wounded in the arm, he refused to quit the field—then his horse was killed under him, and he fought on foot— he was wounded in the leg, and finally 'n the stomach, and fell to rise no more. We —he was wounded in the leg, and finally in the stomach, and fell to rise no more. We suffer with our friends, though our hearts grow stronger in the justice of our cause.—Has not God wonderfully appeared in our behalf? and though the heathen mob rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, the Lord says, 'Yet have I set my King upon the holy hill of Zion;' Jesus reigns, this iniquity shall not triumpb. The riot in New York is only now hitter fruit from the same tree of rebelmore bitter fruit from the same tree of rebel lion against rightful authority. It is a birthtime for our country, and there are many pangs to endure: but although our souls are often 'exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death,' we shall yet see the salvation of this

We often receive letters inquiring as to the best mode of packing pickles to send for the use of our soldiers. By far the best method is to put them up in kegs or firkins. The Soldiers' Aid Society of Montrose pur sues a plan which is worthy of general adoption. They keep an open firkin or cask constantly on hand, into which they empty all their small contributions of pickles; the mixing of different kinds is a matter of small consequence. When the cask is full it is headed up, and forwarded to the Sanitary Commission.

We give a couple of good recipes:

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL To 2 quarts of blackberry juice add a pound and a half of white sugar, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, 1 ditto of allspice, boll all together for a short time, and when cold, add 1 pint of brandy or

good Monongahela whiskey.

We are indebted to Miss B—, of Montrose, for the following:

Apple leather is made by preparing green apples as for stewing. Stew them a little while, adding sugar or not, according to taste. Then spread it out thin on tins, and place it in a slow oven to dry, occasio turning it. A good article for alleviating

Our contributors will confer a great favor upon us, and do a matter of simple justice to themselves, by using especial care in marking theirboxes. Our address should be legibly marked outside the box; also in one corner the name of the place from which it comes. Inside each box should be placed a written list of contents, headed by the name of the society or donor sending A duplicate list of contents of each box should always be forwarded by mail. Some-times it is impossible to identify boxes, owing to a neglect of these simple precau tions. This is equally annoying to our con tributors and ourselves.

The following is a letter from the Agent of the Christian Commission to Dr. J. S. Newberry, Western Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission:-

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, BRANCH OFFICE, NASHVILLE, TENN., July 23d, 1868. Dr. J. S. Newberry, Secretary Western De-partment United States Sanitary Com-mission

My DEAR SIR-I desire on behalf of the My DEAR SIN—I desire on behalf of the Christian Commission to render grateful acknowledgments for the uniform generous and cordial co-operation of yourself and the agents of your Commission, in our work of bringing spiritual comforts and blessings to the soldiers. But for your assistance at the first, and its continuance all along, our work drawy of the Combested.

Also, in my recent trip to Vicksburg, in the survice of the Christian Commission, I was, at all points, knelly received and materially aided by the finalizery Commission.

My own feelings that the work of buth Commissions, though wrought in different departments, should be entirely co-operative, were fully reciprocated by your agents at Carro, Momphia, and on the Barge on Yance Rivers.

pitals.

I want to bear testimony to the noble Christian philasthropy of the men in charge of your Commission in that Department. I am persuaded that they could not do that work from unworthy motives. Mossy cannot procure such services as you are receiving for instance, from Dr. Warringr at Vicusburg.

not processe such services as you are receiving, for instance, from Dr. Warrings at Vicksburg.

Every week's experience in my army work, bringing me among the camps and through the hospitals, and giving an opportunity, which I always improve, to look in at the different quarters of your Commission, leads me to a continually higher estimate of the work you have on hand. I am satisfied that your system of distributing hospital stores is the correct one. Buch large courtibutions as the people are making, cannot be handed over to the army on any volutater system, unless it be for a few days, and the emergencies of a severe battle. A business involving such expenditures, would be entrusted by a business man, only to permanent and responsible agents.

That among all your employees, there should be no unworthy man, is more than a reasonable mind can ask. The Oaristian Commission and the Christian Churchyould go down under that test.

Let me close this letter of thanks, my deer brother, with my daily prayer—a prayer which I learned in your "Boldiers' Home," in Louisville, and have often repeated since in the "Boldiers' Rest," at Memphis, on the "Barge," in Yazoo River, in the Division Hospitals under the gues of Vicksburg, in the Nashville "Home" and Storeroom, and in the camps and hospitals at Murfeesbobo"—a prayer fresh on my lipe, as I have just come from seeing wounded and typhoid patients, at Tuliahoms and Winchaster, lifted from rough blankets, and undressed from the solled clothes of march and battle, and laid in your clean sheets and shirts, upon your comfortable quits and pillows—a prayer in which every Ohristian heart in the land will yet join; "God bless the Sanitary Commission."

Most cordially yours,

Edward P. Smith.

Field Agent U. S. Christian Commission.

Field Agent U. S. Christian Con

The following named articles are now ur cently needed:

Shirts and drawers are always wanted

Shirts and drawers are always wanted. The material may now be light cotton, bleached or unbleached. Please have each garment washed and ironed before sending. Sheets, quilts, to wels, handkerchiefs.

There is now an urgent call for old cotton and linen pieces. Will you not look again through your store closets and give out all that have accumulated since our last call? It is a humble demand to make upon you, but all important to the wounded man. Pieces of any size and shape will do, only let them be clean, soft and smooth. Please gather up and send us immediately all that you can.

gather up and send us immediately all that you can.

Palm leaf fans, books and late pamphlets. Vegetables, butter, eggs, pickles and dried fruits, are the most needed edibles for sending to hospitals at this time. All articles of diet, for the sick, are welcome at our rooms. Please remember the sick soldier when you are putting up fruits for family use. A few cans of fruit, or a package of dried fruit from each housewife would keep our hospitals well supplied with delicacies so welcome to the feeble appetite of the convales cent soldier. Domestic wises and cordials, raspberry and currant shrub, tamariod water and other cooling drinks are very grateful to the hospital-patient.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AT FORT WAGNER

We find the following in the Port Royal Free South of the 25th inst.:— "The officers of the United States Sani-

tary Commission have won for themselves a splendid reputation in this department. They have by their discretion and zeal saved many valuable lives. Under the guns of Wegner, in the hottest of the fire, their trained corps picked up and carried off the wounded almost as they fell. As many of our men were struck while ascending the parapet and then rolled into the most, which which they the contains air feet of water they must inevitably have purished had they been suffered to remain. But the men who were detailed for service with Dr. Marsh went detailed for service with Dr. Marsh went about their work with intrepidity and cool-ness worthy of all praise. The skill and ex-perience of the members of the Commis-sion has, since the battle, been unremitting-ly employed to render comfortable the sick and wounded.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn Branch, United States Santary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last re-

port:—

1 pkg., Christ Church, Phila, July 17th.
2 pkgs., Iadies of Roxborough 8t. Timothy's
Church, Mrs. D. E. Klog, July 17th.
2 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. A. L.
Jones, July 17th.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Midlintown, Mrs. M. W.
Abraharo.
Omissions from previous lists.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county. 1 box, Junior Army Aid Society, Norristown Source, Soldiers Aid, Wrightstown, Bucket

1 box, Ladies' Soldiers' Relief, Manch Chunk, Carbon county.

2 boxes, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Harford, Susquehana county. pehanna county.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Strondaburg,

1 box, St. Clair, Schuyfkill county,
1 box, Union Selief Society, Norristown.
1 box, Schilbert' Aid, Altona, Stair county,
2 barrola, No. 26 and 27 Keg 25 Soldiers' Aid, ionirose, Susquebanna county. 1 boz, Lactor Aid, Ambern, Schwylkill co. 1 pkg, a friend of the soldiers. 1 but, Soidiers' Aid, Chetham Valley, Tiogr

box, Aid Society, Charlesion.
harrel, Soldiere' Aid, Burlington, N. J.
pkg., Miss Hanseh Berp, 1107 Chestaut et.
pkg., Mrs. Shoa Bartou.
hoxes, Ladies' Soldiere' Aid, Ourbondale.
boxes, Aid Society, Lebanos.
box, Colebrookdale Works.

S pigs., Christ Church, Phile.

1 pigs. Wm. Hamilton, of Franklin Is rel, Aid Society, Little Monfows, But

B phys., St. Paul's Church, Chestaut Hill.

1 box respherry vineges, anknown.

1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mallice Hill, N. J.

1 box, Montrose, Susquebanna county.

1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Attlebere, Busics co.

1 kag, Soldiers' Aid, Society, Byberry,

1 box, Relief Circle, Charleston, Tloga co.

1 box, Latheran Church, Manayunh.

2 box Latheran Church, Manayunh.

2 box S. Northumberland.

1 pkg., Mrs. Geo. T. Lewis.

1 pkg., N. W. Soldiers' Aid Society.

1 pkg., N. W. Soldiers' Aid Society.

1 pkg., Misa Bradford.

1 pkg., Auxillary Aid, St. Luke's Church,

1 lbg., Auxillary Aid, St. Luke's Church,

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2 pkgs., School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner
ohuson.

1 pkg., Women's Contributing Aid, Moys-1 box, Mrs. A. A. C. and friend, Danville, Pa. 1 can, Aid Society, Lebanou.

"Good Liquon" at Thor.—In a sult

"Good Liquon" at Thor.—In a suit recently brought before a Justice's Court in Troy, involving the matter of liquor, the defendant put in the following ples:

"And the defendant further answering, bays, that the liquor, plaintiff seeks to recover for, was nothing more than twenty-two cent whiskey, colored with logwood, tan-bark, tincture of bedbugs, old boot-legs, and copperas; that he sold this vile stuff at retail to his customers; so that they died—to his damage two hundred dollars."

"It is said that, one of our young women, whose betrothed lover is in the army, went almost into convulsions at his perfidy, on hearing of his having an engagement in

on hearing of his having an engagement in Mississippi.

FORGETTING HIS ERRARD.—A person

came to Mr. Langdon, of Sheffield, one day, and said: "I have something sgainst you, and I come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, and I come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, air," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and sak the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said: "Now I will thank, you, my brother, to tell me what you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The "changes of base" of the "Army of the Potomac" and of the rebel "Army of Virginia," during the past two years, remind one of the Southern campaign of 1791, as described in a song which was popular at the close of the Revoationary war:

"Cornwallis led a country dance, The like was never seen, sir; Much retrograde, and much advance, And all with General Greene, sir. They rambled up and rambled down, Joined hands, and off they ran, sir; Our General Greene to old Charlestown, And the Earl to Wilmington, sir."

SOMETHING TO START WITH -A lady teacher of the slaves at Beaufort, S. C., tells the following little story:—"An old African, eighty years old, was among her said to him one day : 'Uncle, what is there be so much clare gain to gib me a start in de nex world."

To his legs-his two oldest and best friends-was dedicated "An Ode," written by a Professor of the college at Edinburgh, when eighty years of age. In this ode, the veteran renewed his adhesion to his tried friends, and declared his intention to stick to them as long as they would stick to

Over 1,300 tons of iron, in the shape of shot and shells, were fired into Vicksburg during the siege.

Fon gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; But glory is the sodger's prize; The sodger's wealth his honor;

The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise, Nor count him as a stranger; Remember he's his country's stay, In the day and hour o' danger.

Short dresses are said to be coming into fashion, and next winter nothing elecwill be seen in the grand salons of Paris -Tais is sensible.

Your wife's fat, but she's not hand-Smith," "Well, Jones, that's expressing your opinion plump and plain, anyhow." "You're right, Smith, that's exactly my notion, she's very plump and very THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF, "you ment turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mouraing orth-

On the occasion of a recent visit to London, whilst I was debating with myself over the breakfast things as to how I should apand the day, I received by the post a latter deeply hordered with black, ovidently a messager of affliction. I tore the white evening willow upon a black background which formed the device upon the seal, and said the contents. If proved to be an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden beautyment of the widow, I should undertake certain and communicate relative to the articles of mourning required by the family. I at once set out upon my and errand. I On the occasion of a recent visit, to Loncertain and commissions relative to the actions of mourning required by the family. I at once set out upon my and errand. I had no difficulty in finding the encion deduct to which I had been referred. It mes me in the sad habilitments of wo; no vulgir colors giared from the shop windows, no gilding amaned with its fastive brightness. The name of the firm scarce presumed to make itself seen in letters of the shiddest gray upon a black ground. Here and there beends of white set of the general gloom of the house front, like the crape piping of a widow's cap. The very metal window frakes and plates had gone late a fecorous mourning—nine taking the place of what we fied, under the circumstances, would have been quite out of character—brass.

On my pushing the plate glass door, it gave way with a husbed and muffied wound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want, and, on my explaining myself, directed me to the Incomolable Grief Department. The interior of the establishment answered exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I had to traverse was panelled in white black borderings, like so many mourning carda placed on end; and I was rapidly besoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neab-

cards passed on eac; and I was rapidly be-soming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neab-little figure rolling up some ribbon, who, on my inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, replied almost in a tone of gayety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must pro-oeed further on until I had passed the re-pository for widow's silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination—a large room draped in black, with hushed atmosphere about it as though some body was lying invisibly there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I produced my written directions. Scanning it critically, he said:

"Permit me to inquire, sir, if it is a de-

I nodded assent.
"We take the liberty of asking this disressing question," he continued, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of our establishment by matching, as it were, the exact shade of affliction. Our paramatia

and crapes give satisfaction to the deepest wo. Permit me to show you a new texture of surprising beauty and elegance, manufac-tured specially for this house, and which we call the inconsolable. Quite a novelty in the trade, I do assure you, sir."

With this he placed a pasteboard box be

fore me full of mourning fabrics. "Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugu

brious piece of drapery. "Oh, no!" he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's affliction, and was termed, "The Stunning Blow Shade." It makes up well, however, with our sudden bereavement silk a leading article-and our distraction

trimmings. "I fear," said I, "my commission says othing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly re most assiduous and earnest pupils. She plied, "don't know of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly has been You can't have much more time to stay in sion is attended to to the letter." Giving this world.' 'Wall, Missis,' replied he, ''twill another glance over the list, he observed, Oh! L'perceive a widow's cap is mentioned here. I must trouble you, sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding, as directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widow's caps. I perceived at a glance that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from the deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with the sad liveries of crapon folds, whilst those behind gradually faded off into light, ethereal tarleton, and one or two of the outsiders were even breaking out into worldly features and flaunting weepers. Forgetting the proprieties of the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable.

"Oh! no. sir." she replied, with a slight shade of severity in the tone of her voice! "you may gradually work up to that in a year or two. But any of these"-pointing to the first row of widows' weeds-" are suitable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find, and, having completed my commission, inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves.

"Oh! for those things, sir," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking to Comedy,

Turning to the right accordingly, I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find anyself among worldly eclors. Tender lavender, I lead expected; but violes, mentve, and even absolute red, starred me in the face. Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when a young lady, in a choseful tone of voice, inquired if I wanted saything in her department.

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gioven; but I face I am wrong."

"You are quite right, tit," the observed. This in it." She saw my eye glance at the choerful colored silks, and with the instanctive isot of a woman guessed my thought in moment.

"Harve, sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows"

"Port chaotine red!" I principal, pointing to some valvet of that color;

"Is quite adminsible when you seems the departure of a distant solution. But allow me to show you some gloven? and, stating the testion to the worst, site lifted the cover from a testion glove been, and displayed a perfect platter of distant half-tower, inchestive of a straggio between the chaosist and the ind; so resident platter of a straggio between the chaosist and the ind; so resident platter of a straggio between the chaosist and the ind; so resident state or passed to the individual stat

cative of a struggle between the cheerful and the last,
"There is a plausing melanchely in this shade of gray," she remarked, indenting digitily such outer knowles with the soft elastic kid is she measured my hand,
"Our you find lavender?"

"Oh, yes f but the soriow tint is very dight in that; however, it wears adminable."

Thus, by degrees, the grief of the estab-lishment died out in tenderest lavender, and I took my departure deeply impressed with the charming improvements which Parisiss taste has effected in the plain, old-fashioned style of English mourning.

### THE MODERN ULYSSES.

BY E. H. JAMESON.

Ulysses of old, Was a handsome young hero, exceedingly bold Who extered a cave, so brave and defant, And poked out the eye of a terrible giant.

'Twas a beautiful trick, And accomplished so quick, That all the old Cyclops thought him " brick." His boldness and dash so excited their wonder

That the pilfering fellows were obliged to knock So our Ulysses,

Who never misses, Walked up to Treason's yawning abysses, And ere the monster had time to fly out, With a dexterous blow he punches his ay

And still undaunted, Ulysses wanted The chivalrous Cyclops' city-'twas Granted. Their power was gone, they couldn't defend

And so the poor giants had to surrender.

In future story, When deeds of glory Are told of war so dreadful and gory-Let it be recorded when Treason is dead, 'Ulysses made a hole through his head.'

PATRIOTIC.—A street conversation overheard by our reporter :-

D- "Good-morning, G-, Ready for the draft?" G- "Ready! If my distracted coun-

try needs me-if she requires the sacrifice of my life-if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with my heart's blood-if it is necessary for her preservation that she strides onward to victory over my dead body, then, sir, the vic- E. B. Hunt's argument on the growth and tim is ready! With a heart prepared for chronology of the great Flori any fate, and with a firm trust in Divine stating the dimensions of the Providence, I shall, with a lively feeling of doing my duty, and nothing but my duty, march boldly on-to the Collector's office, and pay my three hundred dollars."-Haver-

AN ARAB CUSTOM.-Above all, success, glory, and plunder, await the goum (party) that, when starting on an expedition, is met by a beautiful young and noble maiden, who will uncover her bosom and show one of her breasts. It is the custom; and if the damsel were to refuse this blessing to the warriors of her tribe, they would dismount to compet her, were she the daughter of the chief and though he were himself at the head of the goum -all the better, indeed, if her birth were so exalted. for the nobler the damael, the happier the augury .- The Horses of the Sahara.

A DISCOVERY,-A discovery, it is said, has been made in Russia, whereby the mercury used in the manufacture of looking glasses may be so hardened as to bid defiance to humidity, friction, or blows. The plate-glass thus prepared may be traus- combativeness, destructiveness, &c. Thus ported without fear of damage; and, the it is that our opinions or state of mind affect allyering being accomplished by a cheaper our bodies, brains, and features. process than any yet known, the glass is ten or twenty per cent, cheaper than at pre-

What sort of a table to they keep at your boarding-bouse?" said Jim to his ing her head she paused and said: "Please,

EF The Hartherd Courses has a catscriber who has taken that paper for anyfour years. He is misospeare years old, and
probably will never die, so long as he continues to pay for his paper regularly. Go
thou and do libewise.

EF Some people are always bossing of
themselves—of their own labors and successes, but the spoke that hears the heaviest
burden soldom creaks.

EF A writer thus estimates the expenses
of a five-mouther visit to the Old World:—
A first class passage from America to Liverpool, codis (800; the passage back by the
same line, \$70; turvelling and board in
Regissed and Trance, \$154.65; then making the
total amount of \$400 for five mouths.

EF A company of young ladies lately
discussed this question—" What is the
great duty of man?" One of them, dressed
has it was to pay dry goods bills. Take
was agreed to without a discenting vision.

EF The great law of nature, "Est and
be esten." The spawn-ester swallows the
worm, the shark swallows the spawn-enter;
the hawk pounces on the chicken, the engie
on the hawk, the experiment on the enter.

the hawk pounces on the chicken, the eagle on the hawk, the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and flatau on pettifoggers. Queer arrangement, this.

ady to her mother, the other day, " do they make men the same as they do stockings?"
"How abourd you are, Janz—of course not."
"Then what made you say this morning,
ma, that Major Spanker was a remarkably
well knit man?"

(2) Steam was, till the other day, a devil that we dreaded. Every pot made by hu-man potter or brazier had a hole in its cover to let off the enemy. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton, bethought themselves that where was power was not devil, but God; that it must be availed of,

and not by any means let off and wasted.
The English do not like our Navy's plan of ainking blockade runners. It shocks their notions of humanity! Blowing sepoys from the muzzles of camon does not.

from the muzzles of camon does not.

The difference between rising at 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning, for the space of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of 10 years to a man's life. Provided a man does not die any sooner for depriving himself of necessary sleep, or by spending his extra time in an king and drinking.

Geologists who are familiar with the ides of geological phenomena worked out through periods of inconceivable duration will, perhaps, be able to appreciate Mr. stating the dimensions of the reaf, Mr. Hunt proceeds: "Taking the rate at twentyfour years to the foot, we shall have for the total time 24 × 250 × 900, on the data as stated; or, we find the total period of 5.400. 000 years as that required for the growth of the entire coral limestone formation of

IT Sir James Graham's father was full of anecdotes of that sociable divine, Archdeacon Paley, and loved to tell how some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by gentleman in the neighborhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley whether it were not admirable as a domes tic example. "No doubt," said the doctor, "it was verra praiseworthy, but it must have been verra dool."

The Phrenological Journal says the organs of the brain conform to the pressure of the spirit, mind or opinions we may entertain. The organs grow by what we feed upon. Let a person be kept in anger much of the time, and more blood will be sent to

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without m chum, Dick. "What sort of a table, Jim? Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick why, unpala-table."

----N digital had consend all religible 

That created from field of blood, That created's draw-back rang ; at it my olds a form of pride

The gallent heart to whom no part 20 hos of danger wors, The secult the sixth like faller 20s, What loved the better's year;

ingur agroup our realts on th densities up and tone, they in such with days spec method like his own.

At burst of morn, all pherced and form By mandarous wired and chell, mails pale but warm, we found the form Of him we loved so well.

All palled now the grand white brow, gay check's raddy dye; sehed forth still the peerloss will

"Comrades," he said, "this night the de Their ranks shall form with me; Above this sphere, in heights more clear, We'll form our company.

"Who fall in strife, their cour Proodom and Man to mve, Buch spirits high can nover die, Nor set within the grave.

"Then mourn ye not their giorious lot Who, lesing all, all find; I rather mourn their fits foriorn, We leave this day behind.

Ah, those we leave! what souls will This hour's red record o'er,-What sexious starts, what quaking he when a knock comes at the door!

"My father ! tell him that I fell, As he would wish me die, My wounds in front, in the bettle's brunt, With my face turned to the sky.

"My mother! say—all gently, pray; Some cords are hard to untwine— That I bless her now for her loving brow. And her patience half divine.

" If now I stend with Death's cold hand In mine, and feel no fears, It is that He has made me free Who heads a mother's tears

It is not shame, but pride-This very year, at Christmas dear, I should have deimed a helde have claimed a bride.

"And on my breast, in golden nest, All radiant you may see, The sunny hair of one who ne'er Thought sught but good of me.

"Tell her we part, oh, faithful heart, A few short years—no more; Her victory won, her voyage done, I'll meet her on the shore.

"Upon my breast that golden nes Leave with its sunny bair, ee 't will warm this me Shut out from light and air.

"Mother! home! heaven! Hark-I come! The gallant soul had fied. Our colors proud made fitting shroud-The blue and white and red?

We dug his grave as suits the brave, battle's sod; But well I know his soul did go That moment straight to God.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

"LADY AUDIET'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAUNCELOT'S COUNSELLOR.

Mr. Darrell, and his friend the comme cial traveller, did not linger long at the garden gate. There was nothing very cordial or conciliatory in Gilbert Monckton's man-ner, and he had evidently no wish to culti-vate any intimate relations with Monsteur

Nor was Lameslot Darrell by any means anxious that his companion should be included to stop at Tolldale. He had brought he Frenchman to the Priory, but he had aly done so because Monsiour Bourdon res case of those pertinacious guallement and casely to be shaken off by the victure with any or majoriments as to have m not easily to be shaken off by the vic-sylve are so unfortunate as to have an late their power.

Well," split the artist, as the two men

wheel army from the Priory in the murky mk, "what do you think of her?" 4Of which her? Lo belle future, or the

What do you think of Mrs. Monoston?

m's must pour aginion of my fature wife,

came to talk about lately, this women is to be in the way; I say to you, my friend, be-were! If there is to be any contest between

Launcaiot Durrell, with ovide re. Vanity was one of the artis strangest vices; and he writhed at the notice of being considered inferior to any out above all, to a woman. "I knew Mrs Monckton, and I knew that she was dever, high-spirited girl, before to-day, don't want you to tell me that. As to an

"And you refuse to tell your deve friend the name of the person who do stand in your way? murmured Monsie Rosselon, in his most instruction to see

et consequence to my devoted friend," red Launcaiot Darrell, coolly. "If my devoted friend has helped me, he will expe to be paid for his help, I dare say."

"But, certainly!" cried the French with an air of casedor; "you will recompense me for my services if we are successful; and above all for the suggestion which first put into your head the idea..."

"The suggestion which prompted me to the commission of a..."

the commission of a-" Hush, my friend, even the trees

"Yes, Bourdon," continued La hitterly, "I have good reason to thank you and to reward you. From the hour in which we first met until now, you have contrived to do me some noble services."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed a dry, mocking laugh, which had something of the dis-

bolically grotasque in its sound.

"Ah, what a noble creation of the poet's mind is Fanst!" he exclaimed; "that excellent, that amiable hero; who would never, of his own will, do any harm; but who always led into the commission of all man-ner of wickedness by Mephistopheles. And then, when this noble but unhappy man is steeped to the very lips in sin, he can turn upon that wicked counsellor and say, 'Demon, it is for your pleasure these crimes have been committed!" Of course he forgets, this impulsive Faust, that it was he, and not Mephistopheles, who was in love

" Don't be a fool, Bourdon," muttered the artist, impatiently. "You know what I When I started in life I was too sit a dishonorable action. It is you, and such as you, who have made me

"Bah !" exclaimed the Frenchman, snapping his fingers with a gesture of unutter-able contempt. "You asked me just now to spare you my heroics; I say the same thing now to you. Do not let us talk to each other like the personages of a drama at the Ambigu. It is your necessities that have made you what you are, and that will keep you what you are so long as they exist and are strong enough to push you to disagreeable courses. Who says it is pleasant to go Lance! Believe me, it is more pleasant, as well as more proper, to be virtuous than to be wicked. Give me an annuity of a few thousand francs, and I will be the most ho norable of men. You are afraid of the work that lies before you, because it is difficul because it is dangerous; but not because it is dishonorable. Let us speak frankly, and call things by their right names. You want to inherit this old man's fortune."

"Yes," answered Launcelot Darrell. "I have been taught from my babyhood to pect it. I have a right to expect it."

"Precisely; and you don't want this other person, whose name you won't tell

"Very well, then. Do not let us have any further dispute about the matter. Do not abuse poor Mephistopheles because he has own ends; and has already by decision and own ends; and has already by decision and promptitude of action achieved that which you would never have effected by yourself alone. Tell Mephistopheles to go about his business, and he will go. But he will not star to be made a—what you call—an ani-mal which is turn out into the wilderness with other people's size upon his shoulders?

—a scapegoal, or a paws-out, which pull hot chestnuts from the fire, and burn her ingers in the interests of her friend. The tnuts, in this case, here, are very hot, my friend; but I risk to burn my fingers with the shells in the hope of sharing the inside of the nut."

"I never meant to make a scapegoat of "I never meant to make a scapegost of you, nor a cat's paw," said Launcelot Darrell, with some alarm in his tone. "I didn't mean to offeed you, Bourdon. You're a very good fallow in your way, I know; and, if your notions are a little loose upon some subjects, why, se you say, a man's necessities are apt to get the upper hand of his principles. If Maurice de Crespigny has chosen to make an iniquitous will, to the ruin of his

vere under protest, and with the air telim, who is innocently disposed, but utily personaled, and with represed, but persuaded, and way by the

So now he had the air of yielding to the

The two men walked on in allence for ome little time. They had left the wood long ago, and were in a broad lane that led towards Hazlewood. Launcelot Darrell strolled silently along with his bead bent and his black eyebrows contracted. His companion's manner had its metal dapper airliness. ess; but every now and but every now and then the an's sharp greenish blue eyes

Frenchman's sharp greenish blue eyes glanced from the pathway before him to the gloomy face of the artist.

"There is one thing that I forgot, in speaking of Mrs. Monekton," Monekton Bourdon said, presently; "and that is that I fancy I have seen her somewhere before."

"Oh, I can account for that," Launcelot Darrell answared, carelessly. "I was inclined to think the same thing myself when I first saw her. She is like George Vane's danghter."

"George Vane's daughter ?" "Yes, the girl we saw on the Boulevard upon the night-"

The young man stopped abruptly, and gave another of those fretful sighs by which he made a kind of sulky atonement for the

George Vane," murmured the French effectively. "I know that there was young girl with that wearisome old English-man—a sort of overgrown child, with bright yellow hair and big eyes; an overgrown child who was not easily to be shaken off; but I remember no more. Yet I think I have seen this Mrs. Monokton before to

"Because I tell you Eleanor Monckton like that girl. I saw the likeness when first came home, though I only caught on glimpee of the face of George Vane's daugh ter on the Boulevard that night. And, if I had not had reason for thinking otherwise I should have been almost inclined to believe that the old schemer's daughter had come to Hazlewood to plot against my inte

"You remember George Vane's talk about his friend's promise, and the fortune that he was to inherit?"

"Yes, perfectly. We used to laugh poor, hopeful old man."

"You used to wonder why I took such an interest in the poor old fellow's talk.— Heaven knows I never wished him ill, much less meant him any harm-"

"Except so far as getting hold of his money," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in an

The young man turned impatiently upon

"Why do you delight in raking up unpleasant memories?" he said, in a half-savage, half-peevish tone. "George Vane was only one amongst many others."

"Most certainly! Amongst a great many others."

"And if I happened to play ecerte than most of the men we knew-"

"To say nothing of that pretty little trick with an extra king in the lining of your coat sleeve, which I taught you, my friend.—But about George Vane, about the friend of George Vane, about the promise-"

"George Vane's friend is my great-uncle Maurice de Crespigny; and the promise was made when the two were young men at Oxford."

"And the promise was-

"A romantic, boyish business, worthy of the Minerva Press. If either of the two friends died unmarried, he was to leave all his possessions to the other."

"Supposing the other to survive him. But Monsieur de Crespigny cannot leave his money to the dead. George Vane is dead. You need no longer fear him."

"No, I have no reason to fear him !" "But of whom then have you fear?" Launcelot Darrell shook his head.

"Never you mind that, Bourdon," he said. "You're a very clever fellow, and a very good-natured fellow, when you please.

climbed a rough stile leading into a mea-dow that lay between them and Hasliswood. The lights burned brightly in the lower windows of Mrs. Durmil's house, and the clock of the village church slowly struck six as Launcelot and his companion crossed.

A dark figure was dimly visible, standing at a low wicket-gate that opened from the meadow into the Hanlewood shrubbery.

"There's my mother," muttered Leuner file.

ake. I should for hers. I think a disapp ment would almost kill her." Again a coward's argument

le by means of which Launcelot Dar rell tried to creep out of the responsibility of his own act, and to make another, in

## CHAPTER XL.

RESOLVED.

Eleanor Monckton walked slowly bac whose eyes never left his wife's face durin and the long French window by which the two girls had left the drawing-room. Even in the dusk, Gilbert Monckton could see that his wife's face was unusually pale.

She spoke to him as they entered the drawing room, laying her hand upon his arm as she addressed him, and looking carnestly at him in the red firelight. "Is Mr. de Crespigny really dying, Gil-

"I fear that, from what the medical me say, there is very little doubt about it. The old man is going fast." .

r paused for a few moments, with her head bent and her face hidden from her Then, suddenly looking up, she spok

o him again; this time with intense "Gilbert, I want to see Mr. de Crespigny before he dies; I want to see him alo

must see him !" The lawyer stared at his wife in utter be wilderment. What in Heaven's name was the meaning of this sudden energy, this intense eagerness, which blanched the color in her cheeks, and held her breathless? Her pity for an old man's infirmities, could never

"You want to see Maurice de Crespigny, Eleanor ?" repeated Mr. Mockton, in a tone of undisguised wonder. "But why do you want to see him ?"

"I have something to tell him-se thing that he west know before he dies." The lawyer started. A sudden light

roke in upon his bewildered mind,-a light that showed him the woman he loved n very odious colors. "You want to tell him who you are?"

"To tell him who I am ? yes!" Eleand answered, absently.

" But for what reason ?" Mrs. Monckton was silent for a moment ooking thoughtfully at her husband.

"My reason is a secret, Gilbert," she said "I cannot even tell it to you—yet. But hope to do so very, very soon. Perhaps

away from his wife with a frown upon his face. He left Eleanor standing before the fireplace, and took two or three turns up and down the room, pacing backwards and was forwards in moody silence.

with an air of angry resolution that chilled her timid confidence in him, and cast her back upon herself, "Eleanor, there is something in all this that wounds me to the very quick. There is a mystery between us; a mystery that has lasted too long. Why did you stipulate that your maiden name should be kept a secret from Maurice de Crespigny? Why have you paid him court ever since your coming to this place? And why, now that you hear of his approaching death, do you want to force yourself into his presence? Eleanor, Eleanor, there can be but one resmost miserable and mercenary of reasons." "A sordid reason-a mero

she repeated slowly, in a half whisper.

"But you will take it? Having gone so far, and taken so much trouble, and confided so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his all the more egregiously, perhaps, because most insinuating tones.

old calls an adventageous marring we not publish with having won a

sude that overshadowed her brain. "I seek to inherit Mr. de Orenjemy's for

you in that ides. I have heard how obsti-aciety he built upon the inheritance of his friend's wealth. He taught you to share his loopes: he bequeathed them to you as the

why legacy he had to give—"
"No?" cried Eleanor, suddenly; "the incritance I received at my father's death was no inheritance of hope. Do not say any more to me, lifr. Monckton. It seems as if my brain had no power to bear all this to-night. If you can think these base things of night. If you can think these base things of me, I must be content to endure your bad opinion. I know that I have been very forgetful of you, very neglectful of you, since I have been your wife, and you have reason to think badly of me. But my mind has been so full of other things; so full that it has seemed to me as if all else in life—except those thoughts, that one hope—slipped by me like the events of a dream."

Gilbert Monekton looked half fearfully a

is wife as she spoke. There was som thing in her manner that he had never seen before. He had seen her only when her facings had been held in check by her utmost power of repression. That power was beginning to wear out now. The strain upon Bleanor's intellect had been too great,

"Do not say anything more to me," the cried, imploringly; "do not say anything more. It will soon be over now."

"What will soon be over, Eleanor?" But Eleanor did not answer. She clasped aer hands before her face; a half-stifled sol broke from her lips, and she rushed from

Mr. Monekton looked after her with an expression of unmingled anguish on his

"How can I doubt the truth ?" he thought; her indignant repudiation of any design on Maurice de Crespigny's fortune exoner ates her at least from that charge. But her agitation, her tears, her confus the truth. Her heart has never been min She married me with the determinals do her duty to me, and to be true to me. I believe that. Yes, in spite of all, I will believe that. But her love is Launcelot Dar-rell's. Her love, the one blessing I sought to win,—the blessing which in my mad

folly I was weak enough to hope for,—is given to Laura's betrothed husband. What could be plainer than the meaning of tho will soon be over; it will soon be over? What should she mean except that Laun lot Darrell's marriage and departure will put an end to the struggle of her life."

Mingled with the bitterness of his grief some feeling akin to pity had a place in Gilbert Monckton's beart.

He pitied her-yes, he pitied this girl whose life it had been his fate to over shadow. He had come between this bright cont girlhood, and, presenting himself before her in the hour of her desolation, had betrayed her into one of those mistakes which able to repair.

"She consented to marry me on the im pulse of the moment, clinging to me in her loneliness and helplessness, and blinded to the future by the sorrow of the present. It was an instinct of confidence and not love that drew her towards me; and now, now Then, suddenly returning to her, he said, that there is no retreat—no drawing backnothing but a long vista of dreary years to be spent with a man she does not love, enameled dial. He watched the miner be spent with a man she does not love, this poor unhappy girl suffers an agony which can no longer be concealed, even

from me."

Mr. Menckton paced up and down his Mr. Monckton paced up and down his spacious drawing-room, thinking of these things. Once he looked with a sad, bitter smile at the evidences of wealth that were so lavishly scattered about the handsome chamber. On every side those evidences met his eyes. The Guido, upon which the firelight gleamed, kindling the face of a martyr into superpantural glovy, was weeth son for all this, and that the most sordid, the tyr into supermantural glory, was worth most miserable and mercenary of reasons." a sum that would have been a fortune to George Vane's daughter looked at her husband with a stare of blank dismay, as if the among the larger modern pictures, she was trying, but trying in vain, to attach some meaning to his words.

Sum task would now have been a forcing to pure and there, half hidden among the larger modern pictures, lurked some tiny gen of Italian art, a few square inches of painted canvas worth full

she repeated slowly, in a nair wamper.

"Yes, Eleanor," answered Gilbert Monckton, passionately. "Why should you be
thought Mr. Monckton, "I could make her
different from the rest of the world? It has
different from the rest of the world? It has
different from the rest of the world? It has
happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels,
and nictures, and furniture, would be
"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly,
"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, "I don't know what's come to you, "I don't know what's come to you, "I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, "I don't know what you have to you what you have to you, "I don't know what you have to you what you what you have you what you what you what you what you what you w been my error, my mad delusion to think you so, as I once thought another woman yesterday. Unless I take your advice I'm a "Hook to make happiness for an empty-bear who deceived me as God forbid you should ever deceive me. It has been my folly to trust and believe in you, forgetful of the past, far, and taken so much trouble, and confide to the teaching of most bitter expeded so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his time I thought I was so deliberate, so mellimer's work; at least while the novelty Launcelot came home."

happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels, and jewels, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-beaded woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have given her, and for it don't know what's come to you, Nelly, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-beaded woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have given her, and for the past, fluenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made of ribbon; "you don't seem to take say in more use of my wealth; she would have given her, and leanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have given her, and leanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made of ribbon; "you don't seem to take say in the country for the display of the past, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-headed woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made of ribbon; "you don't seem to take say in the strength of the past, and pictures, and furniture, would have surely made of ribbon; you don't seem to take say in the strength of the past, and

on, and he west straight to the dishe his fronk-cost, and with no very s the for the dishes that were to be

white sh white shoulders gleaned like tvery and bronce. She had bathed her head and with cold water, and her rippling had still wet. She was very pale, very gos but all traces of violent enotion had purway, and there was a look of quie

away, and there was a look of quiet desiration about her mouth.

Learn Mason came rusting and first into the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Mount took their places at the dinner-table.

"It's my First," said the young lady, inding to a very slaborate tolicits of the rose colored allk, bedissand with financiable yards of lace and ribbon.

"I thought you would like to see my mand I want to know how it looks." It's the room place.

new pink. Launcelot says the new pi like strawberry-ices, but I like it. If of the dinner dresses in my trous know,"she murmured, apologetically, to I Monckton; "and I wanted to try the effect of it, though of course it's only to be were at a party. The trimmings on the cross a beautifully; don't they, Eleanor for the cross of the cro

It was fortunate, perhaps, on this cat least, that Miss Mason possess faculty of keeping up a kind of ortional monologue, for otherwise the have been a very dreary ellence at the ner-table upon this particular evening. Gilbert Monckton never spoke when the business of the meal com-

sim to do so. But there was a certain terness of tone in the very few word linner. It was never Mr. Monckton's hal to sit long over the dismal expanse of a ert-table; but to-night, when the cleth had been removed and the two women less room, he followed them without any di

the fire-place. She had looked at her wi twice during dinner, and now her eyes was dered almost involuntarily to the dial of the clock upon the chimney-piece.

Her husband crossed the room and less

for a few moments over the chair. "I am sorry for what I said this afterness Eleanor," he murmured in a low w can you forgive me ?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face. The uminous gray eyes had a look of mourn "Forgive you!" exclaimed Eleanor, "k is

you who have so much to forgive. But I will atone—I will atone—after to-night." She said these last words almost is whisper, rather as if she had been speak to herself than to her husband; but G Monckton heard those whispered syllab and drew his own conclusions from the and drew his own con Unhappily every word that Mrs. Mo

doubts and to fficrease his wretchedn the opposite side of the hearth, and, draw-ing a lamp alose to his elbow, buried his-self, or appeared to bury himself, in his new-

But every now and the "Post," or the of the "Times," or the "Beturday," or what Athenseum," or the "Beturday," or what hannened to be ever journal the lawyer happened perusing—and he took up one after the other with a fretful restlessness that betokened ed a mind ill at ease—dropped a little lower than the level of the reader's eyes, and M Monckton looked across the edge of the paper at his wife.

Almost every time he did so he found that

The discovery of this fact speedily b a torture to him. He followed his with hand as it glided from one figure to another marking intervals of five minutes that seemed like five hours. Even when he tried to peed, the loud ticking of the wretched thee the page upon which his eyes were first, and the monotonous sound seemed to dealer and bowilder him.

Eleanor sat quite still in her low easy chair. Seraps of fancy-work and open books lay upon the table beside her, but she made no effort to beguile the evening by any feminine occupation. Laura Mason, restless for want of employment and companionship fluttered about the room like some distented butterfly, stopping every now and then before a looking-giasa, to contemplate some newly discovered effect in the elegant costume which she called her "pink;" bet Eleanor took no notice whatever of her

sway from t panion's poor "I san thin id; "he m ting here."
Mr. Mond technol, open Outld it be des her re to had die Could B ist had I get of a wought from rests of s that night. He pushed low chair, as "I am go mid; "I she the evening be very late. "On no

Ma Man

sight, Laure Even wh night, her e "And he l surmured 1 the drawing Bearosly | nor Monekt Her flush brightness; fire had bur "I am go ruptly; "I She took door, lit it, fore Laura strate with "She doe Mason; "sh ball; or go think I loo

ten, the gre opened by a on stole or most buried thick winter softly, and behind her steps, across led garden wooden doo dreary dark place of Ma

WONDE

to have the

proposed to

Five min

From th under certs celain; and of basalts o are often of is a modific cious stone sapphire, t the garnet alumina an umina, co glucina, and emerald. rare miner tion, includ

districts, a

thrown out

which are r

cavities of fully varied clay, and th part. The at least all t the surface it. Huge m ed with th often, to a most exclu milar origin and are h streets are most endu chiselled or come cryste ries. Our nished with

upon them nto ornan and emeral real ultima the case of small, whi sential chi well be im to the part of the factor of the passes of the passes of the passes of the factor of t ray from the clock to answer her on saion's parrish compliment.

"I am thinking of Mr. de Ceepigny," she

de Oliver

Percent fill

Toles

"N to Des I

12441

ting here."

Mr. Monchion dropped "Punch," and
had, openly this time, at his wife's flow. Could it be, after all, that her abstraction of manner reality arose from no despare same than her regret for the loss of this old me, who was her dead father's friend, and who had displayed an especial affection for

Could it be so! No! Her words the night had revealed more than a conserve such as this. They had been mow such as this. They had beenged the sect of a hidden erroggie—a woman's place of a hidden erroggie—a woman's place is no knowing how long the lawyer night have not brooding over his troubles under cover of the newspapers, but presently he remembered some papers which he had brought from London that afternoon, and which it was his important disut—to read interests of a very important client—to read

that night.

He pushed away the lamp, rose from his low chair, and went to the door of the draw-

ing-room.

"I am going to my study, Eleanor," he mid; "I shall most likely spend the rest of the evening there, and I may be obliged to be very late. You won't sit up for me !"

"Oh, no; not unless you wish it."
"On no account. Good-night. Good-

ght, Leura."
Even while his wife wished him good night, her eyes wandered uneasily back to the clock. A quarter to ten.

"And he hasm't once looked at my pink !" nurmured Miss Mason, as her guardian left.

the drawing-room.

Scarcely had the door closed when Ries.

nor Monckton rose from her chair. Her flushed cheeks flamed with cris rightness; her eyes were lighted up as if a

fire had burned in their dilated pupils.

"I am going to bed, Laura," she said ab She took a candle from a table near the door, lit it, and hurried from the room before Laura could question her or remonstrate with her.

"She doesn't look tired," thought Miss Misson; "she looks as if she were going to a ball; or going to have the scariatina. I think I looked like that when I was going to have the scarlatina; and when Launc

ten, the great door of Tolldale Priory was opened by a cautious hand, and Mrs. Monckton stole out of her house with a woollen cloak wrapped about her, and her head al-most buried in the hood belonging to the thick winter garment. She closed the door softly, and then, without stopping to look behind her, hurried down the broad stone steps, across the courtyard, along the gravelled garden pathway, out at the narrow wooden door in the wall, and away into the dreary darkness of the wood that lay between the Priery grounds and the dwelling-place of Maurice de Crespigny.

(TO HE CONTINUED.)

WONDERFUL USES OF CLAY.

From the natural destruction of granite, under certain circumstances, are produced the finest clays for the manufacture of porcelain; and from the decomposition either of basalts or lava the finest and richest soils are often obtained. Pumice, as well as lava, and slept, and studied together for six months, and had come to be fast friends.

Not, however, after the sentimental manner of sapphire, belong to our vulgar clays; for the garnet and carbuncle are silicates of fall and unworldly as she was, was not given take us to the station.

It was till a but and the carbunda and slept, a alumina and lime meralds are silicates alumina, combined with a rare earth called glucina, and beryl is a mere modification of emerald. A vast variety of comparatively rare minerals have also a similar composi tion, including all those common in volcanie districts, all volcanic ashes and minerals thrown out during eruptions, and those als which are afterwards found in the clefts and cavities of the hardened masses. Wonder-fully varied, then, are the forms and uses of clay, and the natural combinations of mine ral substances of which clay is an essential part. The solid foundations of the earth, or at least all those most solid masses seen near the surface, are in a great measure due to it. Huge mountain masses, covered or flanked with thick envelopes of limestone, are often, to a depth quite unknown, made up almost exclusively of minerals and rocks of si- I do it? you ask. milar origin. They put on various shapes, and are known by many names. Our streets are paved with them, and some of the uring monuments of all ages are chiselled out of them when they have become crystallized into granites and porphyries. Our houses are roofed and partly furnished with them, and our shoolboys write upon them. Our jewellers work them up emeralds, beryls and carbuncles. The real ultimate difference in composition in small, while the appearance and all the eswell be imagined.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

M THE SATURDAY RYSHING PAGE BY CHARLES BOYNTON HOWELL.

When the light of hope is gone, And the dresses of youth are fied, When sleep in the velocious tomb The loyed ones who are dead; When those who've sheared us on Through warry years depart, "Tie then, "its truly then, There's winter in the heart!

When our septrations high By Disappointment Are falled to earth for aye,
And Joy no more doth bring
And Joy no more doth bring
when stern Gri Her blensings; when stern Gris Lendoth a bitter smeet, 'The then, 'tie truly then, There's winter in the heart! Postine, McNipon.

POR THE SATURDAY SYRNING POST. BY MARY G. ALLEN.

"I shall lose half the pleasure of go "I shall lose half the pleasure of going home, if you don't go with me, Gracia. Besides, my comin John King is coming from Philadelphia, to spend Christman week at our house, and you wast come and help me entertain him. Bay 'yes,' please," and my pretty room-mate, Marian Willard, put her arm coaxingly about my waist.

It would have been hard for me to decline this invitation given in such winning fashion, but I only answered with a spice of mischief.

"A brilliant, social man like Mr. King will hardly need two of us to entertain

"You know him, then ?" eagerly. "I had that pleasure, some two years

"What did you think of him, Grace?" Her earnestness checked the light reply that see to my lips, and I spoke more sin-cersly than I often feel called upon to do when discussing the merits of fishionable

young men.
"What do I think of him? Why that he is an honorable man, and to my mind a very handsome and attractive one," noting the blush and smile of pleasure that flashed into the face of my listener. It was now my turn

"Is he in the army, Marian !" "No. He wanted to go, but he was shot through the left arm about a year ago, and has never recovered the right use of it since, so the surgeon would not accept him. He does all he can to help the Union cause, does all he can to neap use Union cases, though; gives his time, money, influence, and everything to it; but this kind of work doesn't satisfy him. Six months ago, he told me that he would willingly give all he has in the world and ten years of his life besides, if he could have a chance to fight for

Her interest in this handsome cousin. her eager vindication of his courage, the very tone in which she pronounced his name, told me a story which the normal and there or sisters, and yet I had a vague may yet proud little woman never dreamed of there or sisters, and yet I had a vague may yet proud little woman never dreamed of there or sisters, and yet I had a vague my yet proud little woman never dreamed of there or sisters, and yet I had a vague my yet I had a brother, and that he revealing. name, told me a story which the honest and wondered. Really and truly, that is, as I believed this girl beside me to be. It was not likely. I had hardly faith enough left for that. But after Marian had kiesed me her-lastly, of myself. We had worked together for the soldiers, she and I, with wil-ling fingers and anxious hearts. Had caten, to sentiment, and I em entially worldly in all my views and feelings, had a thorough confriendships and innumerable confidences in form outside. One of them I recognized in

take delight. Perhaps I erred as far in the other direction, but I was fighting the battle of life in such deadly earnest then, taxing every energy to accomplish the one object on which I had set my heart—the acquisition of a thorough and fluished education. Alone and unaided, for I had not a relative in the world nor a dollar with which to commence the struggie. I had made my way up step by step from the position of forlorn little maid-of-all-work in the family of a village storekeeper to an honorable place in the graduating class of ---- College. How did

I had made shirts at fifteen cents es and nearly starved myself in a vain effort to save something from this pitiful sum with

which to pursue my studies. At another time I hired as waiting maid to a fashionable young lady, who kindly grve me permission to employ my leisure hours in reading such books as I chose to select from her father's library. This rare privilege, of which I eagerly availed myself, was the source of much more pleasure and lasting benefit than the golden half eagle which I received every month for my services, or even the kind words of my pretty acred to a distant city, and I was once | Loth Frederick my brother, here you

removed to a distant city, and I was cone more adrift upon the current of fortune, which landed me, after many changes, in a printing office. Here, too, I had free necess to the office library, and better still, accured the good-will and fatherly counsels of the editor—a man of rare cultivation and considerable reputation as a journalist.

At his suggestion I took up the study of book-keeping, completely mastering it in the evanings of one winter, and thereby qualifying myself for the post of book-keeper to the establishment. This was easily obtained, and with it a minry which seemed like vest wealth to me, though it was only the ordinary pay of a man occupying the same position. At the end of two years I had a seen in bank quite sufficient to defray the

class seminary. That year had now occase to a close—a year of pleasant semications and of resolute effort crowned at last with trimphant seconds.

On Mow Kear's day I was to resume my the proposity of the complex of can se husband, lover, brother or son, and very day almost a cry came up from military hospitals for supplies for the sick and wounded. Here was work for head and eart and hands, and I resolved to do more in the good cause than I had ever done be-

past, and plane for the future I had confided to Marian, but not much—it was not in my

nature to be very communicative in regard to my private affairs with any one. Strangely enough she was equally silent with regard to her own history and that of her family. I only knew that her father, a stately gray-haired man, who sometimes came to visit her at the school—was wealthy and resided in the town of Chambersburg forty miles distant, and that he lived quite alone—with the exception of two old do mestics—for Marian's mother was dead.

On this one point she always spoke freely; the goodness and kindness of the gentle mo-ther who had gone to heaven more than eight years before. She never spoke of bro thers or sisters, and yet I had a vague im

The next morning dawned bright and cold, ushering in another anniversary of that day, when more than eighteen hundred years ago, the siniess babe of Bethlehem first looked with the eyes of humanity on good-night and gone to sleep, I lay awake first looked with the eyes of humanity on a long time thinking of John King and of the world He had come to redeem. I wonlistened with a far-off look in her eyes to the kissed me. deep roll of an organ and a chant of huma

It was still early morning when our driver drew up at the depot. Two men were walktempt for the silly enthusiasm, extravagant ing, arm in arm, up and down the long platwhich so many boarding-shool young ladies stantly as John King; the other, a fine-look ing man in military cap and overcoat, wa

a stranger. As they turned in their walk, Mr. King recognized his cousin, and came forward immediately with a bright smile and gay

greeting. He paused a moment after helping us

from the sleigh. "Young ladies, may I introduce an old friend of mine to you?"

"Certainly," said Marian. He turned to me. "You have no object ion, Miss Madison ?"

"None, whatever. Present him by all neans."

He turned to his companion of a moment before, who came gravely up to where we stood. "Miss Madison, allow me to present Captain Willard."

"Captain Willard" lifted his cap in grace ful courtesy, and then Mr. King introduced him in due form to Marian. It was a little strange that their names should be precisely alike, still more strange to see Marian standing silent and pale before this man, while her dark eyes searched his face with a curious, intent expression, as if her very life depended upon their testimony. He waited a little for her to speak—seeing that she did not, mistrees. But this good fortune could not last forever. Miss Ingersoil married and sister, don't you know me?"

His arms chood round her fig a clean on-leage, and I walked away, feeling that I had no right to witness that meeting. Mr. King followed. He was only a little less enabled than the two who had just mot so enabled than the two who had just mot so appliy. After procuring a comfortable lace for me, and seating himself builds me,

"I always knew that my uncle was mar-olisse in his reseminants, but how he con-hold out against Fred in the way he does is more than I can imagine."

I thit that it would be hardly honorable for me to listen to anything on this subject, and so got off it as soon as possible by asking, a question which any stranger might put with perfect propriety.

"To what regiment does Captain Willard belown?"

behind me. She laid her hand on my shou der, saying, with a ripple of happiness in her voice that it made me glad to hear, "Grace, I want you to shake hands with my brother and be his friend as you have been

mine. Will you?"

I looked up at the two standing there b side me. They were very much alike, this brother and sister. The same serious brown eyes and smooth forehead; the same con-tour of face, but his was brown and bearded. His voice, too, when he spoke, reminded me of Marian's. Stronger, of course, and not so soft, but wonderfully clear and sweet—a voice that once heard would be long re-

"Can you venture to accept me as friend on this little lady's recommen Miss Madison !"

I remembered what John King had jus said of him: "Not a better man in the re

ought certainly to be believed, so I think may venture," I replied jestingly; then more seriously, as I offered my band, "! am a friend to every man who has done his duty, Captain Willard."

He took my hand in both his, as he had done his sister's a little while before.
"Thank you for that." The glance which accompanied the words brought a glow to my cheek, but it was not more eloquent than the radiant one with which Marian

The bell rang and all hurried on heard the cars. Mr. King kept his place beside me, thus leaving the brother and sister free to enjoy each other's society for the little time that remained to them. Two hours passed quickly away, and we were in Cham- and the servants standing by saw all."

The first person my eyes fell upon was old Mr. Willard who had come with a sleigh to meet his daughter. I think we all discovered him at the same moment, but no one spoke of it. Marian's hand trembled as she adjusted her veil-I knew that she was wondering in what spirit the two so long estranged would meet.

Her brother assisted her from the platform, Mr. Willard came to receive her, and father and son stood face to face. They looked keenly at each other, and bowed courteously, as strangers whom some trifling circumstance had brought for a moment together.

If there was any bitterness in the thought that he was so completely an alien from the home of his childhood, that his own father had ceased to remember him, Captain Willard did not betray it. The cool face told no tales, the steady voice did not falter even when he kissed Marian, saying fervently, "God bless you, my darling. Good-bye." He turned to me last.

"You have promised me your friendship, worthy both of your generous confidence and Marian's love."

he relinquished them.

All this passed so quickly that when Mr. the supposed offender was gone.

men (\*) he impaired, helly, of John King.
"That take is your see, Captain Frederic
Willard," was the grave reply.
The heat died out instantly.
"It that true (\*) is a loos strikingly at yo-

riance with the hasty, punitousis accents of a moment before.

"Yes, uncle, it is true. You ment excess me for a few hours. Fred heres at twelve o'clock, and I must stay and see him off."

"Curtainly, certainly, sir," said the old man, sliffly; and offering me his arm, he had the way to a sleigh mear by.

"Recollect, John, that we shall expect you to dinner without fall," was his parting charge to the young man, who had falded the robes carefully shout filteries, and never stood back from the curtastone to see an entire.

not deserve the name you have given me," I replied.

You don't know how often I have wanted to tell you the whole story, but re-gard for my father kept me silent. I knew you could never think of him as well again you knew all, and for that reason I fall that it was hardly right for me to tell you;

She stopped a moment, then went on

wearily.

"If mother had lived, I don't think this trouble would have come on us all."

From how many, many aching hearts has that cry gone up, "If mother had lived."

"She was so good that no one could have

any serious disagreement in her presence; but after she died, matters grew worse and worse till at last it was dreadful. People who know father now, would never imagine what a quick, high temper he had in those days. He never reproved or punished me, but almost every day something that Frede-ric said or did displeased him, and then he would get in a passion and say things that he must have been sorry for afterward, they were so bitter and unjust. But Frederick had a great deal of patience and self-control. As he told me once, father's frequent outbursts of anger were so many lessons to him on the duty of keeping a strict guard over

his own temper.
"One day an accident to one of the horse raised a storm more violent than usual Some careless remark of Frederic's made raised the light walking stick he always carried and struck him across the face Frederic was a big boy, sixteen years old,

Marian was crying now as she walked excitedly up and down the room. "I screamed, for I thought my brothe

was nearly killed. On one cheek, where the ratan had fallen heaviest, it had cut through the skin, and left a bloody mark. " Father lifted his hand a second time, but

Frederic said, hoarsely-" Don't dare to strike me again.'

"He had been roused into resistance at last. I think my father saw this, and realized that he had done what he might never be able to undo. He did not reply to the defiance by word or motion.

"Frederic walked away, and father went into the house, commanding me to follow and go up stairs. I obeyed, but after a while, when he had retired to his own room. I went out into the garden to hunt for my brother. I found him in one of the summer houses. He had been waiting for me, he said; he knew I would come for him. We went together to a pleasant place which he had arranged for my especial pleasure. There was the swing he had put up for me, the pretty garden-seat he had made, Miss Madison. I shall try hard to live the grotto he had built; on every hand some token of the tender care of this one, dearly loved, almost idolized brother. He He touched his lips lightly to my fingers as | sat down in the rustic chair and drew me to his kneet.

"And then he told me that he was going Willard recovered from the amazement into far away; 'so far, if he could, that he should which he had been thrown at seeing a never see his father again.' I begged him strange young man embracing his daughter, to take me with him-I should die if I had to stay there without him.

his below he died. But fighter did not mover the letter, and I merge know till to die that their till to did not their till to did not their till to his did not till be his add to the till morthy.

"If he had died..." the stopped. "Thank God he did not."

There was a knock at the door : a sary with a message from Mr. Wilsers. "When Miss Marian is rested, her the would like to see her in the Henry.

would like to see her in the libeary.

"Tell him I will come immediately."

After she had gone I by down upon a lounge, and presently fell salesp. When I sweeks, the tisy clock on the mastel was striking twelve. The fire still burned chaeffly in the grate, and broad putches of smallets fall warm and golden on the crimeon roses of the carpet. While I was wondering what could possibly detain Marian so long, she came in, walked straight up to the lounger on which I was lying, and knell down beside it.

"Grace, my father has been to the countries of the carpet with the countries of the lower beside it.

"Grace, my father has been to the depot to see Frederic, and everything has been explained and forgiven. Oh! Grace, how I have wronged my father. He never received that letter—knew no more about it than I did. They are all down in the purlor now: father and John and Frederic; and this is going to be such a blessed Christmas day after all." And it was I think the angels smiled approval when those two, so bitterly at variance, so long estranged, once more clasped hands in love and peaces: a love that should never again be doubted by either; a peace that should never be bro-

Far down the street a regimental band is playing "Home again." Eight hundred feet keep step to the music—weary, wayworn

"Bringing soldiers home."

From house and workshop, from lane and alley and street, friends are hurrying to meet and welcome them. Pathers and mothere, sisters and sweethearts, wives and children crowd up to the ranks as they move slowly along. There are kisses and eager greetings—some blanched and sorrow-ful faces, for this regiment went out one thousand strong, and now numbers but four hundred men.

Marian stands on the steps beside me

waving her handkerchief as the soiled and shot-torn flag goes by, while Mr. Willard and John King lift their hats with more deference than either would show to an em-

A friendly voice calls out from the street "The -th is just behind. Captain Willard will be here in ten minutes." Thank God!"

It was Mr. Willard who said that. A mist came before my eyes. The banners, the music, the joyful throng mingled indistinctly together, and I heard nothing more till Frederic's voice sounded in my ear: " Grace, my darling, have you no welcom

for me?" Thank God! that my soldier has returned at last.

THE WORLD PAILING AT LAST .- Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hone. in his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying: my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others to was sweet; but at my age, to my own soli-tary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderfu my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude ?" And in this state of mind the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" died.

MORE PRENCH SYMPATHY FOR SE-ESIL-The Empress Eugenie's golden hair having begun to turn silvery, the Court hairdresser in trying to restore the original color, has made it a reddish brown. Ergo, the Empress is a Copperhead, like her interesting husband. Probably it is a judgment on the

## WOMAN-OLOGY.

a her to be, and we have "The

his of the gift. I am about to make It is not in my power to give such of the same thing; but such want of uni-

me is precious to the fairles they little. Paky Blue here finished her and commenced the distribution of

She gave to the young girl who represent d the Castiles, hair so black and so long hat she could make a mantilla of it.

Italian girl she gave eyes, spark elligat as an eruption of Vesuvie

to the English, an outers berealty hs, her lips, her shoulders.

To the German, such teeth as abe

To the Remins girl she gave the distinct

ion of a queen.

Then, passing in detail, she placed gayety men the lips of a Neapolitan girl, wit in the send of an Irish, good sense into the heart of a Flumish, and when she had no more to ive, she prepared to take her flight,
"And I?" said the Parisian girl, retaining

er by her blue tunic.
"I had forgotten you."

"Entirely forgotten, madame?"
"You were too near me, and I did not erceive you. But what can I do now the bag of gifts is exhausted."

ing by a sign her charming obliged once, she

it is for you to repair a very grave wrong I have committed. In my distribution I have forgotten your sister from Paris. Let each of you, I pray, detach a portion of the present I have made to her, and so gratify our Parisian. You will lose little, and repair

With the grace which happy people hav always, these ladies, in turn, approached the Parishas, and threw her, in passing, one of Balle of her beautiful black locks; another a Matie of the rose of her complexion; this some rays of her gayety; that, what she sould of her sensibility. And it was thus that the Parisian, at first very poor, very shacers, and very down-hearted, found hermit in an instant, by this act of sharing,

Besides Boesccio, more than thirty at ore have written, successively, the praise brated women of all countries. ne writers have not been contented with taking us the equals of men, but even their ors. I don't think we are so vain as naider ourselves superior creatures. It ries when our sex was made to much of. In 1500, the famous Cornelius Agripps, who had the reputation of being a great magician, published his book in Latin, "On the Excellence of Women."

He tells us that God called the man Adam. and the woman Eve. Now, Adam signies serth, and Eve tife. Life is more prefour then earth; therefore the woman

She was the shef d' overe of creation ; and es, somewhat irreverently perhape—but he was not naturally an irrove-cut man, for he wrote in England a Com-mentary to the Epistles to the Corinthiane ted. He was exhausted, as it were ng her!" and woman, notwithstand ets of body and mind which er countes have attributed to her, is worth, in herself, all the universe. God good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling her for is beans beache; he made her ing beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your oun. ing beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

27 Joke by A Brence, bears, will make him all your own.

28 Joke by A Brence, Among the distinguished visitors to the House of Common during the debate on the Irish Church, was Dr. Colemo, the famous Bishop of Netal, was reasond in the open field, like the flow received in Purs.

38 For this received in many special privileges, to indicate us. For instance:

39 Joke by A Brence, Among the distinguished visitors to the House of Commons during the debate on the Irish Church, was Dr. Colemo, the famous Bishop of Netal, who occupied a seat in the Peers' box. The presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last jobs, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colomb had received imany special privileges, to indicate us. For instance:

30 Joke by Transport the descendants of the presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last jobs, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colomb had received imany special privileges, to indicate the presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last jobs, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colomb had received in the presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last jobs, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colomb had received in previous the colomb had received in the presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last jobs, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colomb had received in the previous the control of the previous the co

the read to the home, astribute it, partie, if you plane? You astribute it, partie, to the lightness of the body, or a dress? Pretty reasons, good north!

The lively Queen Margot, wife of Henry of Navarra, undertook to prove, in a lette that weman is superior to man intello-ually; and Madame de Girardiu says ing a hundred men you may, per find two sensible ones: among a women you may find one stupid. he exact proportion."

"As writers," according to Madame "women commit a thousan set grammar, but with your entir mindos an indulgence which is rarely on to men." "And," quoth Voltaire down that "Women have the judgment earlier formed than men; being on the de-fensive almost from their infancy, and charged with a deposit difficult to keep, good and evil are necessarily soon know to them." The author of "Emile" says, oreover:- "Women have a flexible to speak sooner, more easily, and more agreeably than men. They are so, and i speaking more; this ought to be so, and into sulo shall readily change this reproach into eulogium. The mouth and the eyes with women the same activity, and for the same meon. The man says what he knows, the woman that which pleases her." The Chevalier de Mere made the observation, and I quite admit its correctness, sir:-"A man never knows how to live well unless women are mixed up with him in it."

Of course, the following sayings must b fattering to the French women: De Bruiz, when he writes, "A woman, pretty in France, would be ugly elsewhere; a gifted roman in France will be so everywhere; and Madame de Girardin, "In France, except the blue stockings, all the women are

like a good luncheon and a good dinner. I, for one, own to the proclivity of dainty eat-ing, and I am supported in my proclivity by the dictum of Brillat-Savarin, who says:—

"Good eating (is governmenties) is not at all unbecoming of ladies; it is suiting to the delicacy of their organs, and grants them compensation for some pleasures that they must deprive themselves of, and for some ills to which nature would appear to have con-demand them. Nothing is more agreeable than to see a pretty gourmands under arms the napkin is advantageously laid out, one of conveys to her mouth small morsels, elegantly cut, or the wing of the partridge qu'il faut mordre ; her eyes are brilliant, he ips shining, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not failing in that grain of coquetry which women cast over everything. With all these advantages she is irresistible; and even Cato, the censor himself, would be stirred."

## QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the tempter which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with the delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. This is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of a wife can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may allensie his heart and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him-your softness subdue him; and the

#### Seek a WOW THE PRENCH SOLDIERS ARE TAKEN CARE OF.

om "All the Year Round," in regard to French soldiers on the march-and

"The precautions taken to m bealth, I thought excessive. In the first As the day grew warmer, the ranks were opened, so that we should not be becommo-ded by dust and perspiration. As soon as we began to perspire, delirious surgeants, captains and licotemants trotted about our mas shouting to men to but couls if they opened the quickness of our steps as we approached the quickness of our steps as we approached the halt; and we to the parched a dare touch water till he had recei

bread before you drink? "Rines your mouth well out before you swallow a mouthful of water? 'Sit on your packs, and not on the ground? 'You, alr! two days' saile de police for lying down in the shade! Up

first duties over and the soup esten, the officers seemed possessed; they stormed and shouted at the sight of a particle of dust or mud on a shoe; they caused trowsers to be turned up to see that there were no damp bet; doctors flew about inquiring after sore neels; captains grew red in the face in their anxiety to see everything orderly and com-fortable. Before sunset, whether it was biyoung or village, the regiment was as quie as a church. Next morning everybody awoke refreshed, and rather in other march than otherwise."

#### RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.

I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting Rachel in society, and certainly impossible to have seen any on more high-bred in appearance, dress and manner. There was nothing exaggerated in her style of dress, which was always of rich materials, but in perfect taste. She generally, in order to conceal the excessiv spareness of her form, wore a high gown, fitting tight round the long, slight threat, and falling in heavy folds; the lace collar being fastened by some costly ornament.— Her head, which was beautifully shaped, was generally adorned only by her thick, waving hair. Her eyec were very deeply set, and too jet black to be soft or pleasing; her profile was regular in its outline, but her fac was long and narrow, and bore evident traces of its Jewish origin. She had very small well-formed bands, with long, thin, taper fingers, and pink nells, remarkably "bion oignes." Her manner in a drawing-room was particularly quiet, pleasing and lady-like .the was neither forward nor servile; never orcing herself on any one's acquain and yet never accepting a position of humilation. I could completely understand how horoughly English society had been taken n during her first visit to London, and how the most straight-laced downgers had invited her, almost on a footing of intimacy, to their houses and select parties. It is true that she had not then completely thrown all appearance of propriety to the winds, as in her later career. I think I may say, without subecting myself to any accusation of scands or exaggeration, that no woman ever went men say that it was just that contrast beween her "company" manners, so distin-guished, graceful and dignified, and the carse, ribald tone which she assumed when at case with her boon companions, that faccinated them. She must have studied vice as another might have studied virtue, and instead of feigning to appear better than she really was, it seemed to be her glory to show character, and make them kneel down and worship the ided of mud they had set up.-Gronou's Recollections and Anecdotes,

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE.—Paschal says that, wearied with the investigation of external evidences of Christianity, which, though they make the truth of revealed religion in the highest degree probable, still do not amount to mathematical certainty, he submitted the teachings of Christianity to his own inward nature, and found there a prompt response, whose verdict he could no more doubt then he could his own exstence. A book so infinitely superior as the Bible is to every other, in its adaptation to the wants of the soul, to the tempted, the heart-broken, the dying, to universal humanity in all its conflicts, sine and woos, carried its own evidence of its Divine origin

CROWDING HIM .- "Where is your mee?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the oid "solemn wildernesses" of the ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK

his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and field the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old backslor; there is no ready hard and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose syes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the un and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be courted for his money. He may est and drink and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or a gerret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loved circle. He can never know the conforts of the domestic sever know the comforts of the domes

A LONG TIME TO CANCEL AN AGREE DOWN -- Any one who disputes the following had better cipher it out in vacation times-If twelve persons were to agree to dine to gether every day, but hever sit exactly in the same order round the table, it would take them thirteen millions of years, at the rate of one discer a day, and they would have to cat more than 479 millions of disners before they could go through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only one change, B two, A B C aix, four letters 24, five 120 six 720, seven 5,040, eight 40,320, nine 803,-860, ten 3,628,800, eleven 30,916,900, twelve 479,001,600.

"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible !" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?" "Np; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have een others who have. Besides, here is plenty of corroborative proof that such a eslieve anything thee nor others has not een?" "No." Did thee ever see thy own orains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an

LOVE -A matter-of-fact philosopher merts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourish-ment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow." Elsewhere we find this brief entence: "Love has many languages, and he tenderest and most eloquent of them is

### Singular and Horrible Disease.

Some ten months ago, Mr. Chas. Monroe, of Fairhaven, was at Lagos and at Acra, on the Guines Coast, whither he had sailed as mate with Captain Post, in the bark Elizabeth, and while there he drank of the water of that part of the world, without thinking to take the precautions commonly in use among the natives for the prevention of a terrible disease known as the Guines worm. to take the precautions commonly in use among the natives for the prevention of a terrible disease known as the Guinea worm. It appears that the Africans always boil this water before drinking, in order to destroy the minute, invisible egg of the worm, which is so small that it is absorbed by the blood vessels from the stomach, and is in that manner distributed in various parts of the body, usually the legs, where it is hatched, and after a long time makes its appearance in the shape of a white thread-like worm, pointed on both ends, and it twines and twists all about the muscles, and veins, and arteries, but produces no particular feeling of uneasiness until some part of its body comes near the skin, when bad inflammation takes place.

It was in March last that Mr. Monrop began to be troubled with them, and for three

gan to be troubled with them, and for three months he has not walked a step. He is now at the Connecticut State Hespital, under treatment, and one worm has been taken from the bottom of his foot that measures over two feet long. The way it is done is this: When the surface of the skin is so which the contract of the skin is so which the contract of the skin is so which the surface of the skin is so which the skin is skin in the skin is so which the skin is skin in the skin in the skin is skin in the skin in the skin is skin in the skin pricked or irritated as to show where the "critter" is, a thread is fastened to him, and a small weight attached to the other end of the thread. The worm gets tired of pulling so steady a strain, and gives ground a trifle day by day, and as he comes out a little apool winds him up until he is all up. The pain is very great. For forty nights Mr. Monroe hardly slept on account of the suffering.

fering.

One worm is now in process of being drawn from his heel, and those medical men who have never seen a case of the kind, are much interested. Great care has to be taken much interested. Great care has to be taken not to pull too hard, because the worm would break, and the trouble be much prolonged. Its medical name is dracunaculus, and it grows to be several feet in length. It is endemic in hot countries. When the bother commences it appears under the akin like a varicose vein, and after a painful boil has been formed and the akin broken, the head of the animal is discovered. Mr. Mouroe is very patient under this strange affliction, and we hope before long to see him restored to health.—New Huven Journal.

[The shore is one of the touchest stories

The above is one of the toughest stories we have read for a long while.- Ed. Sat. But. Post.]

West. "House! I sain't get no house."

"Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods—sleep on the Government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi. And," he added, "it is getting too thick with you folks about hers. You're the second man I have seen this last month, and I hear that there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out in the peace shall be assessed on the members of the congregation.

Non-Combative Loyalty.—The "Dunkards," and unobtrusive but eminently worthy and respectable religious body in this state, at their recent annual assembly at Morrison's Grove, referred the subject of conscription to a committee, which reported in obeying the laws, notwithstanding the non-resistant principles of the demomination. A resolution was recommended and adopted, that every member drafted shall pay his commutation, and if he is not able, the expense shall be assessed on the members of the congregation. NON-COMBATIVE LOYALTY .- The " Dunk-

of that city last flumbley, and said he wanted a wife. The Superintendent was rather staggard at so noval an application, but finally, as the fellow appeared very much in carnest, and begging him to "troit out his marriageable stock," asked the women in the institution what they thought of ft. All the clined to consider a question "popped" is that unresemble meaner but one, who had rather unpleasant actoodmen. She was "troited" out, and the fellow than addrawed her: "I've got seven acres of land out here in Breckeville, five cowe, a fut hog, and a daughter, who will be married on Monday. I don't want to lie to you, so I tell you I shall give one cow to my daughter, but I have a heifer about ready to come in, and then you will have five cows all the name. All I want is three meals a day conded, but you can eat between meals if you are hungry and three meals a day sin't esough. Now, if you want to hitch up, my sa". The "blushing fair one"—that is, she would have blunted if she could—"axid so," and Smith left them to settle the details of this novel cogramment. The happy swain promised to be heat early peut musming with a license. And he hapt his word. The marriage so strangely "got up" was duly and legally completed.

The Frenche in the Sours.—In the cor-

THE PERLING IN THE BOUTH.—In the cor-respondence from Tuscalossa, of the Mobile Evening News, is the following rebal tes-

"The game's up. It's useless calling for us men up to forty-five, for we can't go. Reconstruction on whatever grounds we can get it, say I.' These startling words, uttered in a brisk, confident and shameless tone, awoke me from my after dinner torpor as I say back in my chair at a public house at Tuscalcona. The speaker was a hale, hearty, old-young fellow of forty-two. His auditors, numbering half a dozen, were mostly younger than himself, and apparently as fit food for powder as any class of robust 'exempts' that have come within my vision. The various replies in answer to the speaker's discourse were flattering enough to him. One of the submissionists exclaimed— You are right, John. A —— old Missisto him. One of the submissionists exclaimed

You are right, John. A — old Mississippi refugee, with his family and fifty niggers, stopped at my place yesterday, and
wanted supplies. Told him I'd see him in
purgatory first; to go home and defend his
own state, not run off and eat us all up. If
having to run off and leave everything to
the Yankees, 'aint subjugation, I'd like to
know what is. It's time this thing was
stopped, and now I'm ordered out, although
my substitute is with Lee, and must leave
my property to take care of itself. I'll be

first?

"Such ideas as these I have heard recently " Such ideas as these I have heard recently

"Such ideas as these I have heard recently so frequently advanced by men of property, who, for various reasons, are exempt from military duty, and who have never shouldered a musket or carried a sabre, that wealth and patriotism seem incompatible. Now, when it becomes imperative to lend the aid of their strong arms in support of the canse, 'Reconstruction' sing they all, sooner than expose their precious persons or relinquish an acre of their cherished lands."

Tuscalooss, we may add, is not a hundred miles from Montgomery, Alabama, the first capital of the Confederacy. It is in the very heart of the cotton states.

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heart of the cotton states.

A PAVORITE BRITISH EPITHET.—M. D. Conway writes from London:—I heard Mr. Bright say, the other day, that, in his opinion, the English people had been demoralized by the Crimean war, and that he had no doubt they could now be carried into a war twice as easily as before. The position was eagerly denied by some good judges present. Whether or not the brutal vein of the English people has been exasperated by the taste of Russian blood, I am convinced that it has a very decided existence, and I cannot help thinking that there is some significance in that universal expletive of the lower classes which calls everything "bloody." I can give no impression of the frequency with which this ugliest of words occurs in any crowd. A man offers to bet a bloody shilling that there will be a bloody rain to-morrow; another wishes to know when this bloody steamer will start. And, in fact, Mr. Dickens's account of a certain aristocratic farty, where blood was discussed so carnestly that it might have been taken for a party of ogree, would be true of the unaristocratic party, where blood was discussed so carnestly that it might have been taken for a party of ogree, would be true of the unaristocratic party, where blood was discussed so carnestly that it might have been taken for a party of ogree, would be true of the unaristocratic party also. So much sanguinary talk I never heard. To show how confirmed this slang is, I am told on one occasion at the Lord Mayor's Court, a man, giving in his testimony, said:—"When I told Tom that he must give me that bloody sovereign back, he squared off, and just then a bloody policeman came up and brought us to your bloody honor?"

Collectors Barner's Good Tarte.—We

Collector Barner's Good Taste.—We see it stated in the Home Journal that Mrs Collector Barney has shown excellent taste in appointing to and retaining in office several gentlemen well known in the literary and art world. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has long held a position in the "Debenture Room." R. B. Coffin (better known as "Barry Gray") is in the "Auditor's Department." Louis Gaylord Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine; Richard Grant White, the Shaksperian scholar; John Savage, the poet and dramatist, and Charles F. Briggs, of the Sunday Courier, have each come in for a share of the "spoils of office." J. C. Derby, long at the head of a publishing house in this city, wends his way to the grante building every morning, C. G. Thompson represents the artists in the service of Uncle Sam. COLLECTOR BARNEY'S GOOD TASTE.—We 20 copies, one year, (and one to the

Mr. Bercher's Broinning.—H. Ward Beecher has made one speech in England, at the opening of a new chapel. In it he says: "I began my ministry in a church in the wilderness, where there were nineteen women and one man, and I wished him out more times than one. [Laughter.] They were the saints, and he was the sinner. [Renewed laughter] I was at that time sexton and general undertaker for the church. I swept it, I bought the isamps, and lit them; I would have rung the bell, but there was none. [Laughter and applause.] I did the preaching, was superintendent of the Sabbath school, and did everything else there was to do; and though many years have passed, and I have seen other scenes, I have never had happier hours since." [Cheers.]

Coal taz, it is said, will drive all the flies out of a room, by putting a small quantity in any part of it.

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Plato being told that some ad spoken ill of him, said: "It matter ot; I will endeaver so to live, that me all believe them."

An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and would never est it in any form. "Till of late," said its, "they have got to making it into white, and I can, now and then, worry down a

fortune recently to lose his wife. On which, in the depth of his grief he had co dered to be inscribed, " Tears or her-therefore I weep."

### PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

' THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Publishers of THE POST take pl coming that their literary arrange coming year are of a character t them in promising a feast of good things's their thousands of readers. Among the confi-butors to THE POST we may now mention if alsing a feast of good th

MRS. HENRY WOOD. Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS" " BASE LYKNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &C.

MARION HARLAND. Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDES Рати," "Мініам," &с.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greate

During the coming year THE POST endeavor to maintain its high reputation in CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and PORTEL pecial Departments shall also be devoted heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &

## TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year, d copies, one year,

S copies, one year, (and one to the - 44.0 getter-up of the club,)

#### A SPLENDID PREMIUM. WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE

To any one sending thirty subscrip \$60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and fieward od free of cost, with the exception of freight.
In procuring the subscribers for this Fremiss. we of course prefer that the 80 subscribes should be procured independently of each other at the regular terms of \$2,00 for each subscribes Where this cannot be done, the subscribers be procured at any of our club rates, and its balance of the \$60 forwarded to us in cash by the

person desiring the machine. The subscrie-may be obtained at different Post-offices. Every person collecting names for the Seria Machine Premium, should send the name of the money as fast as obtained, so that the me seribers may begin at once to receive the papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of name ( and whole amount of money (\$40), is residued, the machine will be duly forwarded.

Sample copies of THE POST sent

# DRACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Palish

P. &.—Editors who give the above one tion, or condense the meterial portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be satisfied to sa change, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notes.

Samuel District the lett upon hi was Sai of the BLUE 

D D WASTE T

laland, Was on regiment many hu the Peni stripped

Testame frequenti relic, but

manifested a willingness to pay for the killing.

ARTHFICIAL ICE.—A great degree of cold is produced by a mixture of saltpetre and Glapber Balts, and there are now manufactured in England and exported to India, &c., in large quantities, chemical mixtures known as freezing powder, by means of which five pounds of rough ice can be produced in fifteen minutes, at a cost of about 4d, per pound. This powder, introduced into a little machina, invented by the same person, may be used upon the table to ice wice or water with the greatest celerity. A bottle of champagne may be iced in ten minutes for 3d. So great is the intensity of cold produced, that the sparkling contents of the bottle may be actually transformed into a spongy mass—Scientific American.

EXCURE TRAT DID NOT ARSWER.—A conscript appeared before the Board of Enrolment, a day or two since, and desired to be exempted forthwith, that he might return to his country home. What are your claims?" demanded the doctor. "I'm entirely dependent upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply. Whereupon the doctor assured him that the Government would immediately relieve his mother of so unsuitable a burthen.

REMEDY FOR SYALLPOX.—The Surgeon-Major of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, writes to the London Times, that the root of the other plant is a specific for this dis-

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of so unsuitable a burthen.

REMEDY FOR SMALLFOX.—The SurgeonMajor of the Royal Horse Guards Blue,
writes to the London Times, that the root
of the pitcher plant is a specific for this discuse. An ounce of the root is aliced and infused in a quart of water and allowed to
simmer down to a pint, and given in two
table spoonsful doses every four hours,
while the patient is well nourished with
beef tea and arrownoot.

EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.—It may give
some idea of the extent of the Universe to
know the length of the time required for
light, which travels 194,000 miles to a second, to come to this earth. From the
moon it comes in one and a quarter seconds;
from the sue, in eight minutes; from Jupiter, in fifty-two minutes; Uranus, in two
hours; from a star of the first magnitude,
three to twelve years; from a star of the
fifth magnitude, sixty years; from a star of
the twelth magnitude, four thousand years.
Light which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has
not reached the earth. Our entire solar
system itself travels at the rate of thrity-five
thousand miles an hour among the fixed
stars.

The Captures of Gen. Grant—Gen.

tars.
THE CAPTURES OF GEN. GRANT -Gen.

system itself twavels at the rate of thirty-dwe thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.

THE CAPTURES OF GER GRANT—Gen. Grant reports to be deducate that he has parolled \$1,000 men, and sent \$0,000 north as prisoners—making \$9,000 captured by hus since the 1st of April. In addition to the \$0,000 head of cattle, and \$00.000 rounds. The pay of a rebel soldier, owing to the depreciation of Confederate money, is virtually but one dollar per month.

HR WEARS HER NEAR HIS HEART—Samuel Burns gave his name at the First Datrict as a substitute. On examination, the letters R. C. were handomely marked upon his breast. When saked, if his name was Samuel Burns, what was the meaning of the windled of the same was Samuel Burns, which was the meaning of the windled of the same was Samuel Burns, who the saked, if his name was Samuel Burns, who the saked, if his name was Samuel Burns, who the saked, if his name was Samuel Burns, who will a street destroy, or such a street of the same was Samuel Burns, who will a street of the same was Samuel Burns, who will a street of the same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same was same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same was same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same was same was Samuel Burns, who will as the same was a construction of the same was a same was a construction of the same was

"take due notice and govern themselves accordingly:"

1. The rate of postage on all domestic mail letters to be carried any distance within the United flustes is now three cents per half ounce or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by stamps. The former rate of ten cents to California, Oregon, and Washington Turrituries is abolished.

3. All local or drop letters must hereafter be prepaid by stamps, at the rate of two cents for every half cance or fraction thereof, fastand of one cent seak, as heretofore.

3 The postage on transient newspapers and periodicals, sent in one package to one address, is now two cents for each four ounces or each fraction thereof, to be prepaid by stamps; on books, double that rate. The postage on slegic transient newspapers not weighing over four ounces is now two cents.

4. The rate of postage on circulars is now

cents.

4. The rate of postage on circulars is now as follows:—Three or any less number may be sent, unscaled, to one address, at the single rate of two cents, and in that proportion for a greater number, adding one rate for every three circulars directed to one address. They can no longer be sent at the former rate of one cent each. No extra charge is now made for business cards stamped or printed on the envelopes of circulars.

stamped or printed on the envelopes of cir-culars.

5. The former carriers' fee of one cent on each letter delivered is abolished. Here-after, carriers collect nothing, except such unpaid postage as may be due on the letters delivered by them.

6. The extra one-cent stamp formerly re-quired on all letters deposited in lamp-post boxes and branch stations is no longer ne-cessary.

#### Singular Accidents at Morris Island.

Ringular Accidents at Merris Island.

A member of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment was seated in the trenches a few days since, leaning against the earthwork, with his back toward Fort Wagner. A solid shot from one of the rebel guns struck the thick embankment behind him, and though no visible effect was produced upon the face of the parallel, the soldier was instantly paralyzed and rendered utterly helpless. He was removed to the hospital, and, although there were no marks of injury about him, he lived only two days.

In the bomb-proofs the soldiers find adequate shelter from the bursting shells, and it is only through carelessness or neglect that any are injured. A private in the Kinth Maine Regiment was sitting secured in one of these diminutive rat holes the other day, but in a moment of bravado he thrust out his leg. He had scarcely straightened himself when his left leg was taken off at the knee.

The season's receipts of the hotels at Niagara Falls are said to exceed that of any former year. The hotels are all full and running over. There are large numbers of Cobans, Spaniards, and South Americans stopping at the Cataract House.

ing to alter quotations. For Yellow Metal the THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PEATHERS are inactive and prices steady at 47@456 W B. for Western.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is plenty and lewer, with free sains of Peaches and Apples. Prices of the former range at from 50c to \$1 W bit.

HAT moves of more freely at 50@160c the 100 Rs.

HEMP—There is little or no steek here, and the market is dull.

HOPS are unchanged and the sains in a small way only at 18@260c W B.

IEON continues duil, there is very little domand for Fig. Motal, but makes sain 180000 for the three nambers of Authresia, the latter for good No 1, although there is some aftering at \$4 W ton. Scotch Fig is held at \$100 Ms.

LEAD is unsettled and lower with mins of 1300 page Gelena at \$7.00 the 100 Ms. cash.

LUMBER—The receipts and calm are moderate, and the market steady at \$415.60 Ms for White Pine, and \$00@00 for Yellow Sap Boards. Of Raft Hemiott Scattling, sains are reported at \$10, and Boards as \$17.00 W hite Pine, and \$00@00 for Yellow Sap Boards. Of Raft Hemiott Scattling, sains are reported at \$10, and Boards as \$15.00 W hite Pine said \$100 ms.

NOLASSES is very quiet, and no sales of any moment are reported.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and sells on arrival at \$4 W ton.

RICE—The demand is limited, and 300 begs cold at \$10, and source is very little doing in Clover.

val at \$4 \$\Psi\$ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited, and 200 begs sold at 74,607% for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little doing in Clovers seed to alter quotations. Some of the dealers are buying at \$566,50 \$\Psi\$ bes. Of Timothy 500 bus have been disposed of at \$2,40,21,50 \$\Psi\$ bes.

Fixxseed—The new crop is beginning to arrive, and seels at \$24,40 bes.

SPIRITS—Bready and the array, and prices about the same. N. E. Ram sells slowly at 05,607c; Whiston is rether firmer, belts salling at 47,475c, the latter is a small way; hade at \$60, and drudge at \$6,265;c.

SUGAR—The market is firm and rather more active, sales of 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, are reported at 10,210;c \$\Psi\$ b, and country at \$9,695;c.

TALLOW is quiet but firm, with a fair demand for city at 10,210;c \$\Psi\$ b, and country at \$9,695;c. The countr

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past weak amounted to about 1995 head. The prices realized were from \$50 to 25 W head. 5000 Shoop were sold at from \$50 to 25 W head. 5000 Shoop were sold at from \$7,00 to 7,75 W cwt not.

ONE WORD TO THE MISERABLES. You that are covered with Sores, Ulcore, and skin erupilons, sufferers from fait Rheum, Ring-worms, Pustules, Tetters, Blotchen, and other marks of disfigurement that are repulsive to the sight and companionship of society; you that have tried the many mixtures of Sarsaparilla, and which failed to cure you, if you would be cured, take RADWAY'S CLEANSING SYRUP, called Radway's Renovating Resolvent. We guarantee that from one to six bottles will cure you. Dr. Radway's theory is, that if six bottles of any advertised medicine does not furnish to the sick satisfactory evidence of cure, it is worthless.
"Bold by Draggists."

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accommidd by a responsible name.

In New York, Aug. 12th, at the residence of the bride's parente, by the Rev. Milton Badger, D. D., Dr. James B. Cutters, U. S. A., to Miss Kitters S. Thow, being of the same age and name, and married on the same day of the mouth, and by the same deeping maßes her mother, 39 years since, and second daughter of J. F. Trow, Esq., of New York.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. George Sheridan, to Miss Catharins Mages, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Morais, Mr. H. A. Britton, to Miss Larar D'Arcona, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Joseph P. Cons, to Miss Martha Fullmer, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Js. De Wolfe Perry, Richard F. Edwards, U. S. N., to Hisler, daughter of Edward C. Dowling, Esq., of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM NEALET, to Miss Margary E. Tromas, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Richard S. Young, to Miss Anwe C. Clark, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. John Kelly, Mr. WILLIAM J. Clark, to Miss Mary A. Larkins, both of this city.

# DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be acompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th iostant, ELIZABETH V., daughter of John H. and the late Sarah D. Curtis.
On the 12th instant, WILLIAM F. MURPHY, in his 63d year.
On the 11th instant, John Knox, in his 56th

BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 15, 1963.

Alabama No dia.

Alabama Philadelphia, August 15, 1963.

Camana.—The origin of the name of Camana is given by a writer in the Intelligencer, who quotes the following passage from a book pristed in Leaders in the year 1006, writen by L. Hemerin, and smithed "A New Discovery of a Country General than Europe:" "The Speniards were the first who discovered Canada; but at their arrival, having found nothing considerable in the their abandoned the country. in it, they abandoned the country, at eathed it Il Capa at Nada; that is, a confined specific country, at word Canada, which we use in all on maps."



B. FRANK PALMER, SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COL LEGIS AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG., &c.

THE STONE EDIFICE.

No. 1600 Chestnut St., Philada.—1600. THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND

This Establishment, exceted at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for largico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this Hosse, and construct the "PALMER LIMES" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of gold and silver modals (50 "First Prizes" wose, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attents the public value of these inventions. All genuins "PALMER LIMES" have the name of the inventor afficient.

"PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affect, which contain the New Rules for Ampulations, and full information for persons in wast of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeous, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

R. FRANK PALMER Russees Action

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, 1509 Chestaut St., Philada

500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

-Whickers and Mustaches-Gold and
Silver-Love, Courtchlp, &c.—The Hunter's
Scoret-Angler's Becret, and a host of other
Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent
free for 25 cts. Address

J. W. STEPHENS,
augus-9t

Morristown, N. J.

DR. TOBIAS' VENITIAN HORSE LINIMENT, plut bottles at fifty cents each, for lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted cheaper than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will.—What it is stated to cure it positively does. No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle. One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and belly-ache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable day.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56

Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

TO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHIS-REES OR WISTACHEST—My ON-GUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—seut by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nasaan St., New York City.

On the 11th instant, John Knox, in his 56th year.
On the 11th instant, Mrs. Margaret Ellison, aged 55 years.
On the 11th instant, Mrs. Margaret Ellison, aged 55 years.
On the 10th instant, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Jas. Bardsley, aged 24 years.
On the 10th instant, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Wm. Summers, in her 52d year.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. And Chapman, in her 62d year.
On the 9th instant, John Horn, in his 44th year.
On the 9th instant, William, son of Jacob and the late Eigsbeth Fry, is his 20th year.
On the 9th instant, Edward R. Johns, aged 49 years.
On the 8th instant, Edward R. Johns, aged 49 years.
On the 8th instant, Robert Morrow, in his 33d year.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. Martha, wife of Robert Pollock, in her 77th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.
Corrected for the Saturdat Erring Post By Withers & Peterson, Bankers, 1911-18t 225 N. SECOND St., Philada, Pa. A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

# PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

Saturday evening Post of January 17—or amber for two months previous to that Or such a had will be forwarded by writing beat on & Peterson, sile Wake at street, Philadelphia.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent free to any address. Address Box 2729, Post Office, fly4-13t.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Thirty cents a line for each insertion. The Payment is required in advanced in advanced in advanced in advanced in advanced in the control of the control of

WITHERS & PETERSON. SO SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA. STOCK AND EXCHANGE

BROKERS.

STOCKS BOMDS, &c., Bought and Sold at

All cries for covered their property of the Countries of South Countri

WHELE & VILANTS SEWING MACHINES,

OFFICE SOS RECADWAY, N. Y.

The certainest of Stigntion expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which condrus the validity of our potents and interdes their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the priors of our REWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvement

PRICES: No. 1 Machine, Silven Playin, with Full Case, Polished Rosswood, \$100,00 Half Case, Polished Rosswood, \$6,00 Half Case, Passied, Black Walnut, 70,00 Plain Table, \$65,00

No. 8 MACHINE, PLAIR, with Half Osco, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, Half Case, Paneled, Plain Table,

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been warded for the WHEELER & WILSON EWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S PAIR, now being held in London, Eugland,

a PREMIUM for THE POST—see Prospectus. We will arrange for either of the other machines assufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a pro-DEACON & PETERSON,

Publishers Saturday Evening Post.)

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER. The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those Castile Powders which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the Asuman, in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Funn, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Honars, Cartle and House in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increase. keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared only by

WILLIAM RALSTON,

Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,

Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON, Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia. Washington, Oct. 16th, 1890.

William Washington, Oct. 16th, 1890.

William Ralston, Deep Sir.—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the discasce of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.

Assistant Vetenary Borgeon for the United States Givernment.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.

Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co., 202 Broadway, New York, DYOTT & Co., 1911-5m 233 N. 24 St., Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Philadelphy, particularly to ladies of light continuous control of the steamer value of the value of the steamer value of the steamer value of the va

MICHEN GOLDENTEA BS (TATAL STORE OF THE PARTY OF 82 128 #251 73 (FFL) SA PROM THE PENTS IN KANNAB PRANTO

NOTALOGEC

Dr. Jackson. Deep Bir. — Incr. benn frequently of question to consider the process of the constant of the cons

Eighth below Conton Street, Phile.

There are many preparations soid under the passe of Ritters, put up in quart bottlen, compounded of the cheapest whickey or common raws, costing From 30 to the east per gallon, the taste disputed by Anis or Contonder Read. Bitters has caused, and will continue to chaus, as Iong as they can be soid, hundreds to dis the death of the drambard, By their has the system is had call at the drambard, and poster as the system is had call at the drambard, and poster as the system is beginned to the continuously under the influence of Alcaholis Brisandamia of the worst brind the desire for Leguer is created and a drambard's its and which the forecas assembled upon a drambard's its and the high terrors assembled upon

at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS:
AND THE PRIENTS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all having reations or friends in the arms to the fact that "HOUP LAND'S German Bitters" will cure ame-tenths of the discounce induced by a goarder of the price of the discounce induced by a goarder of price of the control of the discounce induced by a goarder of the striven of the school of the discounce induced by a goarder of the striven of the school of the noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debitity. Every case of that kind on he readily oursel by Hoofkand's German Bitters. Discounce resulting from discorders of the discounce of the discounce

#### A MADMAN'S HIST.

a hundle paylone, where the drephones or cheel chiefly in facing the policies to cound in take of cold water—these eligibily offered, while government of the middle; while persons very extensive it, were insuremed up to the series of the purious date of the purious to have some cartesty to know how the stranger passed his time out of down.

I have been and graylounds for contents and the intent of purious the contents and the intent of the purious the contents of the purious the purious that the intent, in rapiy to the other's purious the purious the purious the contents of the purious that the intent, in rapiy to the other's purious the purious that the intent, in rapiy to the other's purious that the intent, in rapiy to the other's

"Ah! they are very expendive."
"You, they seet me a great deal of money
the year, but they are the best of their

And they cost a great deal, too!"
"A very great deal. And I have birds for

"I see; birds for hunting birds. An these swell up the expense, I does say?"

"You may say that, for they are not con mon in this country. And thee, I constitute out alone with my gun, accompanied 1 a cetter and meriever."

"And these are expensive, soo?"
"Of course. After all, it is not the animal of themselves that run away with the money —there must be men, you know, to feed an look after them, houser to lodge them in-in short, the whole sporting establisment." "I see, I see. You have home, hound

retrievers, howks, men-and all for use of foxes and birds. What an mormous revenue they must cost you!— New, what I want to know is this—what -what do they pay? What does your "Why, we kill a fox now and then—only

they are getting rather scarce hereabouts— and we seldom bug less than fifty brace of

"Hark " said the lunatic, looking anxlonsly around him. "My friend (in an ear nest whisper), there is a gate bahind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his epes upon you. He ducks us to some pur-pose; but, as sure as you are a living man, he will drown you."

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the immates of the asylum.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.-A good wash ing fluid may be made of hot water and Sweetmeats may be kept a long time by

ting them in a safe place, and never set-A plenty of fresh, sweet butter, and a od appetite, will keep bread from mould

hem reach to their ankles.

Woolen rage should always be washed in west oil before they are made into fiannel

Pork should always be salted down

A regard for decency requires that salad hould be dressed before it makes its appearce at the table. Milk that has stood for some time should

he permitted to alt down. Carpets will prove more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—A gentleme wned a slave, who was a very intelligent fellow, and a Universalist. On one occa he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:-A Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethrem at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said gather his corn and sugar-cane, and at the he: "When God made Adam, He stooped and of the year gather his root crops. The down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, profits from the sale of his early vegetables warm in the hands, and squeeze it in the will be several hundred dollars, from his right shaps, and don lean it up against the corn and sugar-case \$600 to \$1,000 more, and from his root crops several hundred wersulist darkey. "You say dat are de flust more. During all this time his family need more ber made." "flartain," said the a feller whar dat ere fence come from?"
"Hush?" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all the feology

Don't STARD THE TEST.—Many proverts admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not has none, for it is round. "Money is a great common of several thousand dollars, and the second of the when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey."

Met so: the sun goes over it every day. "It is a great may be the bottom of the sen."

Mot so: it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is but Cound in adversity." Not so: for them there is no be found. "The pride of the sich makes the labor of the poer."

Mot so: the labor of the poer."



BADLY HIT BY A RECENT BALL.

Manya, -" Yes. Doctor. She will sit for hours without speaking a word. She persists in wearing the same dress, and won't part with the bouquet !"

DOCTOR. "Has well, let's see we must first get the ball out of her head, and then perhaps the nervous system may right

You Can Do IT .- "As a pedestrian tourist," says the Oricannaia, "was lately pro-ceeding towards Tours, he was asked by a man who was breaking stones by the road-side how long it would take him to reach that place? The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on He had not proceeded more than a hundre yards when the man called after him, and nade a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone breaker, the latter said to him:—'It will take you as hour to reach Tours.' 'Then why did you not tell me so at first? said the traveller Why,' replied the man, 'it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked; and from the way you step out, I am now able to say, that you can do the dis-

A SAFE PREDICTION.—Uncle Moses Bump was vastly weatherwise. One awfully dry he came away he must get the old man's pinion concerning the probable duration of the drouth. Bo before leaving him, he told him that his father wished to know what he thought of the weather. Uncle Moses went out, and, after a long and careful inspection of the brassy sky, said :- "Well, Stephe thee may tell thy father that if we don't get we shall have a remarkably dry time."

# . Agricultural,

## FARMING IN FLORIDA.

From "Notes on Florida," by H. T. Williams, in the Country Gentleman, we copy the following statement of what a farme may do in Florida:-

After the settler has chosen ground for

residence, in January he can plant his early vogetables, and by March and April gather end of the year gather his root crops. The er. "Den," said the other, "jes tell kin grows wild, they can gather and make pickies, which sell for cash in Northern mar-less, or they can attend to silk, and this, to-gether with the gherkin, will make several hundred more. He can also during this time plant his fruit trees, such as the orange, ho, and also a piece of ground for arrowroot, and within five years he will be receiving a yearly income of several thousand dol-lars. Any order may be used, but if a per-

## WOMEN FARMERS.

Some time since we copied an article writ-ten by Miss Della Roberts, of Pekin, Niagara county, New York, in reply to objections of a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker against women engaging in the out-door la-bor of the farm. A late number of the same journal contains an account, by Mr. Henry Wright, of a visit to the farm of Marvin Roberts, father of Della, from which we copy the following statement of the large amount of labor performed by a family of

From the middle of April to this time (two months) the following work has been done:-One hundred acres of oats have been put in, which now look very promis ing; thirty-five acres of flax, and this, at present, bids fair to give a good yield, (There is an establishment for cottonising flax in successful operation at Lockport, ter miles 'east.) Ten acres of corn; ten acre of spring wheat; three acres of potatoes four of parenips and carrots; six of beans; and all the plouging, harrowing, sowing, rolling, planting, and cultivating necessary to get these crops in and up to the presen state, has been done since the middle of

At least one-half of all this labor of get ting in these one hundred and seventy acres of crops has been done by the five young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with the help of two hired girls. The eldest of these seven girls is twenty-one, and the youngest twelve years. Meantime, the house-work has been done, mainly, by these girls by turns. They consider it a privilege to work out-doors at ploughing, and harrowing, and putting in, and tending the crops, rather than work in the house These crops are to be tended and harvester together with forty acres of hay; and these rirls are expected to do at least one-half of the work.

Besides all this, one hundred and seventyfive acres are to be ploughed this fall, for next year's grops, instead of ploughing in the spring, as they have formerly done; the largest share of this to be done by these young girls. It is a matter of choice in hese Yanke girls.—for Yankee girls they are, by parentage—thus to work on the farm, rather than in factories or at sewing.

## HOW TO SHARPEN A SCYTHE.

"Mower" writes to the American Agriculturist:—To properly grind and wet a scythe requires some little practical skill, in the attainment of which the beginner may be assisted by a few hints. The cutting edge of a scythe or similar instrument, when examined by a microscope, shows numerous fine projecting points or a series of minute wedges which are to be driven into the substance operated on, to separate the adjoining parts. In order that they may enter the more readily, these points should iscline in the direction of the stroke given with the blade of the instrument. In cutting with the soythe the edge strikes the grass at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and hence the grinding should be done so as to have the points set to that direction to the blade. This is done by keeping the blade firmly upon the stone, with the point drawn to-ward the body of the holder, at the above

made rounding, and to be set irregularly It is preferable to hold the scythe so that the stone will revolve toward the edge. 'In this way the holder can see when the edge is reached, and the particles ground off ar carried may clear. In the opposite method of grinding there is danger of making a "fasther" edge which will readily crumble off, and leave the weythe almost or quite as dull as pefore. The blade should be ground equally, on both sides. In wetting a scythe side of the blade, and give a light, quick tion of the edge, so that the scratches is makes shall keep the points set in the same direction as given them by grinding. By following these simple suggestions a scythe may be made to hold its edge twice as long as when the rifle is drawn along the edge almost at random. A few strokes carefully given will enable the workmen to keep the ight direction and wet rapidly."

Clean out poultry houses, and sprinkle daster or charcoal dust in the building, to revent offensive odors during the warm reather.

## THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

t was glossy and brown, and clear and bright, Oh, her large deep eyes and her queenly

Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip, They were true to the life .- I can see them

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars There was the lip so sweet and red; There was the brow, broad, white and pure; And that was the way that she hung her

Ten years ago, and now, like our love, It has faded, as snow in the latter spring; Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face. But day by day, it is vanishing.

Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint, Till it looks like the ghost of our bygone lov Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift, Should fade away like the summer ro And this poor frail thing be left as a type Of that flower of the heart that should no

## YOUR LIKENESS.

Some children went into a saloon with their father to have their photographs taken. The two little girls had theirs, and George's turn came next. The man told him who to stand, how to place his hands, and which way to look ; to hold up his head, fix his eye on a certain point, and keep still. His. cap had fallen on the floor, and at the very moment his picture was being taken, his little sister stepped forward to pick it up, when George gave her a kick, and such a look! Well, that look was taken; and the likenesses were all put up in little cases, and

" This my George ?" exclaimed his mother. on examining the pictures, and coming to his. "Horrid!" cried his eldest brother. ward the body of the holder, at the above "horrid!" "Whose cross, scowling face is mentioned angle with the edge of the stone. Commence to grind at the heel and move it were shown to him. "What young myage stroyed by a degree of heat sufficient to see a fermenting principle, which is not destroyed by a degree of heat sufficient to see a fermenting principle. To the best found in adversity." Not so: for them there is now to be found. "The pride whole year can be employed in the culti-vation of profitable crops.

The sec is planty of soil suitable for them. The whole year can be employed in the culti-vation of profitable crops.

The sec is planty of soil suitable for them. The whole year can be employed in the culti-vation of profitable crops.

The point is planty of soil suitable for them. The whole year can be employed in the culti-vation of profitable crops.

The point is reached, them grind the other side in the same manner.

Never rub the scythe back and forth upon the store, as though endeavoring to what it. The revolution of the stone will wear away the steel much better than rubbing it in this growth in the store in the store will wear away the steel much better than rubbing it in this swe; and the worst of it, was, there was no manner, by which the edge is likely to be mistake about its being a true copy. The

un does not make matching. And there to

here it always kept said dilows on his!

Reader, did you over think, that the world is God's great dagmersetype saless, where we are all having our likenesses taken for sity? And it is not only our looks and adae which will be taken, but all on thoughts and feelings will show in the pic Anger, envy, selfishness, joalousy, un put down there by One who never cover up or flatters, but takes us exactly as we are. We can not seem better or more bess-tiful to His eye than we really are. When we are tempted to do wrong, or to give way to angry feelings, let us stop and ask, "How will this look in that picture of me which is

is am afraid if we should use faithful pio-tures of ourselves sometimes, the sight would often fill us with surprise and shame, as it did poor George. Remember, then, that every day you live, your likemees is being taken for eternity. Every morning when you rise from your bed, stop and think "I am having a like ess taken to-day which is to last forever, and I must try to have it a

FEMALE PREVENUTT.-The more roman is in love with a man, the more check she gives him.

Even those who smoke and drink at

# Useful Receipts.

To Preserve Fruit Without Self-Scaling Cans.

Prepare a cement of one ounce resin, one ance gum-shellac, and a cubic inch of beesrax; put them in a tin cup and melt slowly -too high or quick heat may cause it to scorch. Place the jars where they will be-come warm while the fruit is cooking. If they are gradually heated there is no danger

As soon as the fruit is thoroughly heated and while boiling hot, fill the jars full, let the juice cover the fruit entirely. Have ready some circular pieces of stout, thick ment a space sufficient to cover the mouth and rim of the jar. Wipe the rim perfectly dry, and apply the cloth while warm, putting the cement side down, bring the cover over the rim and secure it firmly with a string; then spread a coating of cement over the upper surface. As the contents of the jar cool, the pressure of the air will depress the over, and give most positive proof that all

jars for this use (quart size) cost \$1.50 per dozen. Queen's or yellow ware has imper fect glazing, and the moisture is forced through the sides of the jar. Self-sealing cans that have failed can be pressed into service; stone jars, common bottles, tin cars and various vessels that every housekeepe has on hand can be made to answer: only be sure that the fruit is boiling hot, and the cover is properly adjusted.

Many think that sugar is essential to en-

able the fruit to keep. This is not so, "Berries and peaches" are better put up without it. Bugar strewn over them an hour before eating, gives them more the flavor of fresh fruit. Cook only sufficient to fill two jars at once, to avoid crushing tender berries. Pears and quinces are best cooked in water till tender, putting in as many as will cover the top of the water at one time; when clear and tender take them out, and to the water add sugar to taste; as soon as boiling hot put in the fruit, and when it is penetrated with syrup, put it in jars, and fill it up with syrup boiling hot. Seal as directed. Apples the same way, or cooked in water only, and secured. Let them be in quarters, for, if mashed, the pulp will hold so many air-bubbles it will not

Grapes. Pulp and cook till the pulps are melted; strain out the seeds; put in the skins, and when well cooked, add sugar to taste. When the syrup is sufficiently thick, Cherries and Plums are put in with or

without pits, as one chooses.

Tomatoes are cooked till all the lumps are

dissolved, and the mass quite thick.

Sectiments of any kind, secured in this way, will keep for years. If required for transportation, perhaps it would be well to use close fitting corks, cut off even with the comented cloth, otherwise corks are not ne-

Vepetables. Squash is steamed in pieces. Coultiforser cooked as for the table; fill jars while the articles are hot, and fill up with boiling water; let the jars remain in a kettle of boiling water for a while to expel any, air that that may have lodged while filling. When no air escapes, seal up with jars in the kettle; when cool remove them.

# The Riddler.

WAITTEN POR THE SATURDAY BURNING

My 19, 5, 12, 19, 10, is My 16, 16, 14, 8, 6, 2, is a river in

My 8, 2, 5, 11, 2, is a river in Fre My 10, 10, 17, 26, 20, is a river in the Chi THE

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My 18, 8, 28, 26, 2, is a river in Cas My 16, 5, 17, 3, 2, 6, 15, 18, is a river to 2

My 19, 16, 9, 98, 18, 98, 29, 5, is a stree in the United States. My 20, 31, 4, 2, is a river in England. My 20, 18, 21, 11, 2, is a river in Ireland. My 9, 8, 19, 24, 26, 21, 28, is a river in the

United States.

My whole is the title of a very inter My whole is the book and the name of the author.
R. H. WALTER.

MINCELLANEOUS ENDOMA. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVERING POST I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, is a domestic animal. My 8, 9, 5, 11, signifies to beat. My 6, 12, 10, 11, is better than good. My 7, 2, 6, is a vehicle. My 8, 19, 18, is a personal pro My 13, 12, 10, 11, is welcome to the weary.

My 11, 9, 10, 4, is a great trial. My whole is the name of one of the car tors to the Saturday Evening Post.
Philadelphia. WILLIAM T. TOTTER.

ENIGHA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My 6, 10, 16, 23, is part of a vesse My 30, 18, 1, 20, 25, is another My 9, 26, 5, 94, 27, 4, 17, is a deadly poison. My 15, 28, 14, is a German title of honor. My 22, 21, 30, 10, 7, surroun My 8, 11, is an exclamation. My 12, 11, is also an exclamation

Q in a corner

BIDDLE. WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY SVENING POR

My 3rd is in come, but not in go. My 4th is in hall, but not in snow. My 5th is in lamb, but not in sheep. My 6th is in lose, but not in keep. My 7th is in land, but not in lake.

My 8th is in spade, but not in rak My whole is not physic, but it is "he to take." Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER

ANAGRAMS ON ANIMALS. RITTER POR THE SATURDAY EVENISO PO

Cord o' lice! " O! rich snors!" I part. '
Namo dictio. Mary D. Roda. " The bees' tar !" O! Hu'! stop a pimp! " No go." Yes! a bass. I am lam' a lord! Pet Helen. Ay! lung! Linch-la'. Hon-trap. Rein me !

Small A. Baw ecl. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

#### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner, 338 perches; from the second to the third corner, 400 perches; from the third to the fourth corner, 300 perches; from the fourth to the first corner, 300 perches: the diagonal from the first to the third the compass of this tract there is a large of tree, from which, if lines be drawn to the ner measures 312 perches. Somewh corners of the tract, it will be divided by into four equal parts. Required—the discount of the tree from each corner of the tract? ARTEMAS WARTE

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania. An answer is requested.

Why does being under a stone between the most stupid fellow a bit of a second

What is the difference between and a policeman? Ans.—One is always best and the other always off.

game? Ans.—Because it is part ridges. -Because a tree leaves in the spring, elephant leaves when the mer

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LASS. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.-"OF ties we prize, and our rights we will an ENIGMA.—"The Whiskey Insurred ENIGMA.—Highway. CHARADE.

There s monotono which we life's end,

Such a Perhaps p joyful a c